

Just a Dream

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Just a Dream

by [PeppDream \(Pep_Pizza\)](#)

Summary

George has always felt like he's living in a dream. He has amazing friends, an amazing channel, and his life is great.

But one day... Dream disappears.
All traces of him vanished.
Everyone forgot who Dream was.

And then the dream became a nightmare.

Notes

I give my usual disclaimer that these are entirely fictional characters (if the fictional plot isn't already enough to give that away, haha). As such, they are unconnected to real persons. Do not read if you feel uncomfortable over the DNF ship. Thank you!

Anyway, this is my third DNF fic now >u< I'm seriously on a roll~! A reminder to check out my other stories if you like this one! I hope you enjoy the first chapter :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Today started out perfectly fine. George woke up late, ate a bowl of cereal in his pajamas, and got on his computer to start the livestream he had planned to do with his friends a few days ago.

Little did he know, his day would end up becoming a nightmare.

“Hey George,” Sapnap had greeted him when he joined the teamspeak. “You ready to start the livestream soon?”

“Soon,” George had answered. Now they just had to wait for Dream.

This was the first indicator George should’ve noticed. At first, Dream was just a couple minutes late. Then those couple minutes became ten minutes. Then that became half an hour. But George ignored the signs. Dream was probably still sleeping or something. Or, maybe he just forgot that they were going to stream today.

George had tried to text Dream to ask him what was up, but no matter how hard he looked in his phone messages, he for some reason couldn’t find the contact. Hm. That was weird. He must’ve accidentally deleted him or something...

“Yo, George? When the heck are you planning on starting the livestream?”

“But where’s *Dream* ?”

“Dream...?” Sapnap sounded confused at first, but he just laughed it off. “What, George, you’ve lost your hopes and dreams? Come on, stop fooling around. Just start the stream already!”

Sapnap’s response was the second indicator George should’ve noticed. But waiting for Dream had made him irritated, so he had ignored the strange feeling in his gut. *He’ll join us later, if he still remembers to*, was George’s thought process. *And then I’ll ask him to send me a text, so I have his contact information again.*

So he started up the stream, and watched as people filtered into the chatroom. He apologized to the chat for starting so late, then messed around with Sapnap on the minecraft server for a while.

“SAPNAP! *Stop trying to kill me!!* ”

“No way, you hit me first!”

“That’s because you keep *chasing* me!” George shouts in defense, shooting another fire arrow in Sapnap’s direction. He grins in success when he sees Sapnap’s character go up in flames. “Take *that!* ”

Unfortunately for George, him shooting an arrow had given Sapnap enough time to catch up to him. His friend hits him, knocking off several hearts. “Wait, WHAT. *Sapnap*, when did you drink a *strength potion?!* ”

Sapnap cackles evilly. “DIEEEE GEORGE!!”

George squeals as he runs away. “Sapnap, *STOP*. You’re going to break my armor! I— I don’t

have any *food!* ”

But Sapnap doesn't give George any mercy, and before he could even leave the game to protect his stuff, Sapnap managed to deal a killing blow. George groans when he sees the Game Over screen pop up. “SAPNAPPPP...!”

“Serves you right for hitting me with your arrows,” his friend comments smugly. “I'm surprised you let me catch you off guard like that. You don't usually get so killed so easily, George.”

“If Dream was here, he would've helped me kill you,” George huffs, unable to accept his loss. “Don't steal my stuff!”

“Psh,” Sapnap had snickered, “Of course you'd only beat me in your *dreams*, haha!”

“Speaking of Dream, has he really forgotten we're streaming today? He still hasn't shown up. And...” George pauses, quickly scanning over the messages from the donos. “Chat, you're acting really weird today. How come not a single *one* of you have mentioned Dream yet?”

“Um,” Sapnap sounded confused again. “Say what?”

“Dream, he's still not here—” George pauses, eyes narrowed, as the chat floods with really... *strange...* messages:

> *lol george has no hopes and dreams*

> *Is this “dream” a person ??*

> *sounds like dreams a person*

> *sapnap you're so mean, stop bullying our georgie :(*

> *George is missing his dreams~*

> *Who's dream?*

> *idk probably a friend...?*

> *George ily!! I hope you keep making minecraft vids forever <3*

> *never heard of him before tho*

> *maybe he's a new addition to the team !!*

> *hey guys I make minecraft vids too come check out my channel*

> *dream is such a weird name though ngl*

A chill crawls down George's spine. It was at this moment, he realized he couldn't keep ignoring the weird signs he's been seeing. He quickly checks the date to make sure he's not going crazy. Not April 1st. Right, then... what the fuck was this? What kind of stupid inside-joke was going on that George didn't know about?

“Hey, George? Are you okay?”

“Sapnap, you're in on this, aren't you?”

“In... on what?” His friend sounds genuinely confused.

“Read the chat, Sapnap. You can’t seriously be telling me you don’t know what’s going on. You and the chat have been acting weird all stream.”

“What? *Me* acting weird? George, you’re the one that’s been saying... weird things!”

“Weird things? Sapnap, how in the world am *I* acting *weird*? You guys are the ones pretending like...” George gulps, “Like you don’t know who Dream is.”

“...What?”

“See, you’re doing it again. Did you plan this out with everyone else? That’s why the chat’s like that, right?” George rolls his eyes. “This is such a stupid prank. I’m gonna guess Dream set you up to do this. Did you guys tell everyone to pretend they don’t know who he is? It’s pretty convincing.”

“George—”

“If you were trying to scare me, you should *stop*, because it’s not working on me.”

“*George.*”

“*What.*”

“I’m... I’m really confused,” Sapnap confesses. “Are you... joking around, or something? I don’t understand what you’re talking about.”

“Stop *pretending*, Sapnap. Drop the act. I already know you’re just...” George pauses uncertainly. Sapnap may be extremely stubborn, but he had expected at least one person in the chat to give themselves away. All he needed to see was *one* person to speak up, say “haha, he got us!” or “lol we should stop now guys.” But...

> *what’s happening*

> *is there a joke going on that I don’t know abt?*

> *George, are you okay ?? T_T*

> *oh sapnap doesn’t seem to know who this dream guy is. Weird.*

> *can’t believe George died, he could’ve totally won that*

> *loool george is trying to confuse sapnap to get back at him for killing him*

> *hey guys i just joined, what’s going on*

> *George and Sapnap were fighting and now they’re still fighting*

> *omg they’re just like kids, someone needs to fetch Bad! we need an adult in here*

> *lol georgenotfound, more like dreamnotfound*

> *lmaooooooo*

George feels frozen, because the giveaway message he’s looking for just doesn’t... appear. He’s

scrolling and scrolling but, no matter how hard he looks, everyone seems to either be confused or think that *George* is the one playing the prank. *No one* is siding with George's story. But how can this chat be *that* well-organized? How much was it supposed to take for just *one* of them to crack?

"George...?"

George swallows, finally feeling the nerves catch up to him. His hands are shaking. *God*, why are his hands shaking so much? "What, Sapnap?"

"...who's Dream?"

And that was when the nightmare began.

Chapter End Notes

I originally planned for this to be a one-shot, but I got a really good idea and now this fic is spiraling out of hand... be prepared for a really looooong story haha~

I have a lot of this written out already, so subscribe for frequent updates~ :)
(It's free, and you can always change your mind *wheezes*)

Alt

Chapter Summary

“Do you remember Dream?” George shuts his eyes tight. He’s afraid to hear the answer.

Please. Please let Bad say he knows him.

“Dream?” Bad repeats, a bit incredulously. “Um, no...? I don’t think I’ve ever heard of him.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Alt.

George picks up his phone to check his contacts again. There’s still nothing. What if... what if it *wasn’t* an accidental deletion? What if Dream’s contact just, legitimately, *disappeared* ?

No way. There was no way.

“George?” Sapnap prompts, sounding worried, “George, why aren’t you answering me?”

George ignores him. He’s turned off his cam by now, but he’s left the livestream on for now. He’s not sure why he did. Maybe because he was still hoping that someone would fess up, proving that this was all just some elaborate plan to fuck with George.

> *what? what happened??!*

> *george your cams off :(((*

> *guys what the hell is happening*

> *Why does sapnap sound so worried? Did something happen?*

> *george!! please tell us what happened*

> *why does everyone keep talking about dreams*

George opens up their discord server, scanning the list of people in it. He double checks it, then triple checks it. But Dream isn’t there.

Okay, well maybe someone kicked him. Or Dream left himself. Either is possible. Maybe this was part of the plan too.

“George!” Sapnap shouts.

“Wait, Sapnap, I’m checking his youtube channel.”

He opens up Youtube, types in “Dream.” There was no way this wouldn’t work. Dream had like, nine million subscribers. It’d be stupid if there was nothing—

George stares. Dream’s channel isn’t the top result. In fact, there isn’t *any* of Dream’s videos in his search results.

George begins to sweat. “Dream Minecraft” he searches. “Dream Speedrun” he tries next. “Dream and George” he types. Even with that search, none of George’s videos come up. It was like youtube didn’t see any kind of connection between the names George and Dream.

Did Dream really delete his channel? But even still, it didn’t explain the sheer lack of compilation videos. George quickly glances over the results, looking for those “Dream 1000 IQ Plays” or those stupid “Dream simps for George” videos. But there’s *nothing*. No prank could be prepared at *this* kind of level. It just didn’t make *any* sense.

Unless Dream’s channel just doesn’t exist anymore. Unless it’s actually gone.

“George! Talk to me! What the hell is going on?”

“Sapnap,” George starts, “please don’t lie to me. Do you know who Dream is? Do you remember *anything* about him?”

But his friend is clearly lost. “No, I… I don’t. *Should* I know who he is? George, who’s *Dream*?”

George’s heart is beating fast. Too fast. “I…” his voice is strangled, “I’m going to end the livestream here. Sorry guys. Something important just came up.” And without another word, he ends the stream.

“George!” Sapnap sounds exasperated, “Why won’t you *tell* me what’s happening?”

“I need to talk to Bad!” George shouts, nearly screams. He’s hyperventilating. If he doesn’t find at least *one* person who can remember Dream, he’s going to go insane. He checks his contacts, feels relief wash over him when he sees that Bad is still there. (He half-expects all his friends to have disappeared at this point.) But it’s short-lived relief. He tries to text him, but his hands are shaking too much. “I-I can’t do it… Sapnap, tell Bad to join the teamspeak! I *have* to talk to him.”

Sapnap grows silent. But George can hear him typing. About five minutes later, Bad’s icon shows up on the voice call. “H-hello? George?” Bad greets. “You wanted to talk to me—?”

“Bad, please, I am going to ask you a question. And I want you to *please* tell me the truth.”

Bad is clearly taken aback at George’s directness. “U-uh, yeah? Of course?”

“Do you… do you remember Dream?” George shuts his eyes tight. He’s afraid to hear the answer. *Please*, he begs internally, *Please say you know him*.

“Dream?” Bad repeats, a bit incredulously. “Um, no…? I don’t think I’ve ever heard of him.”

George’s heart cracks. “You’re joking.”

“No, George, I’m not.”

Shaking. So much shaking. Why can’t he stop shaking? “Fuck. *Fuck*. What the hell is this? Why… why don’t any of you *remember* him?”

“*Him...?*” Sapnap echoes. “Seriously George, we have *no idea* who the hell you’re talking about. Is this still about that *Dream* dude?”

“Uh, *yeah*, George!” Bad complains, “Can you *explain?! Who the fuck is Dream?*”

George frowns at the swear. “I— I don’t know what’s happening. I *don’t understand* it. How can I —” He screams into his hands. “How can I *explain* this?!”

“By *telling* us who *Dream* is, and why you’re *freaking out* about it!” Sapnap shouts.

“I’m FREAKING OUT *because* you two should know him and you *don’t* !” George shouts back.

“Well, you’re *right* George!” Bad groans in exasperation, “We *don’t* know him! So maybe try explaining why you *think* we do?!”

“D-Dream...” George starts, but he chokes on the air he’s breathing. He wants Dream to be here. Dream would know what to do, if George went missing. He’d know exactly what to say, but Dream *isn’t here*. “I-I *can’t*, I’m *panicking*, I *can’t talk*—”

“Okay, okay!” Sapnap interrupts, “Just... calm down!”

“Take deep breaths,” Bad adds reassuringly. He sounds guilty for getting riled up. “We’ll... we’ll stop shouting.”

George takes deep breaths, counting the seconds. He doesn’t feel *that* much better. His heart is just going *so goddamn fast*. “I-I’m better?” He eventually manages. “I think?”

“Okay, George,” Bad sighs with relief. “Now take your time and... explain what’s going on.”

“I don’t... I don’t know where to start,” George admits. His head is still whirling.

“Okay, well... tell us who ‘Dream’ is?”

“Dream, okay... okay.” George gulps. It feels so *wrong* to need to explain who Dream is to his own friends, but okay. George will try. “Dream, he’s our friend. Sapnap, you’ve known him for seven years, and Bad for five years. He plays minecraft with us, and he has a youtube channel with like, nine million subscribers.

“Wha— Really? I mean,” Sapnap continues, “I still have *no clue* what you’re talking about, but that’s interesting. He’s that popular on youtube?”

“I’ve never heard of him before though,” Bad confirms. George can hear him typing.

“Don’t bother looking for him,” George sighs. “He’s... I can’t find his channel.”

An awkward pause. “Then... what do you *mean*, he has nine million subscribers, if you can’t even find his channel?” Sapnap asks, sounding frustrated again.

“I’m so confused,” Bad whines.

“Me too,” George sighs. “Look, I... I know you guys won’t believe me. And I know this sounds *crazy*. But everything I just said is completely true. Dream is a *real person* and, for some reason, all traces of him just *disappeared*. And I’m the *only one* who remembers him.”

“You’re right,” Sapnap replies. “You *do* sound crazy.”

“I’m sorry, I... I don’t know how else to convince you!” George sighs into his hands.

“You’re not like, secretly schizophrenic right?”

“No!”

“Okay,” Bad hums, “just checking.”

“Is there nothing else you can tell us about him?” Sapnap prompts. “Like, if you’re *really* certain we know him... then maybe try giving us a few more hints, and we’ll see if anything sounds familiar?”

They hadn’t given up on George yet. George can’t help showing his relief. “Okay, so... Dream’s youtube icon is like, this white blob person with a green background.” He waits for an *a-ha!* moment from one of his friends. When there isn’t one, he continues, “His most popular videos are the 3v1 minecraft manhunts—”

“A-HA!” Sapnap shouts. “That’s familiar!”

“Wha- *what?* Really?” George can feel a smile light up his face. “You mean it?”

“Well, *yeah*, I know that too!” Bad is quick to support. “Me, Sapnap, and Antfrost hunt the speedrunner, and they have to defeat the ender dragon. They’re your most popular videos, George!”

George pauses, blinks, his smile falling instantly. The hope he just had was completely crushed under the weight of an oppressive anvil of dread. “What? What are you *talking* about?”

“George...?” Bad is talking slowly, as if *he’s* the one hearing something stupid, when he’s clearly the one saying ridiculous things. “Are you... are you *okay?*”

“*Yes!* Yes, I am! Stop asking!”

“Dude, if you really don’t know, just... ugh, I don’t know.” Sapnap clearly sounds done with the whole thing, as if he’s already accepted George was an idiot. “Go look at your own youtube channel, man.”

“Maybe I *will*.” George retorts. “Because *I* sure as hell don’t remember making any videos like that.”

He goes to his channel, clicks on the videos. Everything looks fine— George does a double-take. Wait. *Waiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit*... he takes that back. He takes that back *so hard*.

Because this... this looked *nothing* like his youtube channel.

“SEVEN MILLION SUBS?? Why are there so many *manhunt* videos?!” George screams. He doesn’t remember posting *any* of these. “That’s *Dream’s* thing! This doesn’t even make *sense*, I... I’m not a *speedrunner!* There’s no *way* I could do well on these—”

“Dude,” Sapnap sighs, “If you really don’t believe us, then just click on a fucking video!”

“George, I think you should go to a doctor.” Bad sounds so genuinely worried, that it only makes George’s blood boil more. “You’re seriously *not* okay—”

“Shut... shut up! I-I’m looking at the video now!”

George clicks the most recent “manhunt” video on his channel. Sure enough, the George in his youtube video says that he’s the one who needs to defeat the ender dragon. It’s definitely his voice. But George has *no memory* of saying these things. There is absolutely zero mention of Dream.

As George continues to watch, he becomes amazed. Is this... is this really him playing? His character speeds through the biomes as swiftly as Dream, but with slightly less recklessness. He lands *all* of his MLG waters, *all* the ender pearls he throws, *all* the arrows he shoots, and even manages to make the stupid *nether portal* using Dream’s technique (though, with slightly less skill). Unlike Dream, he doesn’t turn around to attack his pursuers that much. He’s mostly just very good at running away and juking the hunters, but that in itself is apparently enough to land himself a successful win. The ender dragon dies after George plants down two successive end crystals and instantly depletes the dragon's health to nothing.

“So?” Sapnap prompts afterwards. “Any of your memories returning to you?”

George is hyperventilating again. Why doesn’t he remember doing any of these things? Did he just... fall asleep, and his body just got up by itself and suddenly became an amazing minecraft player? But as he scrolls down his videos, he realizes that’s not the case. There are several more videos dating to several months back, where he posted a couple speedruns on the past minecraft versions.

“George,” Bad prompts, sounding uneasy, “Answer us?”

George’s foot nudges something. He looks down, and he freezes, staring in disbelief. He can’t believe his eyes.

“Meow,” his cat purrs, bumping into his leg.

“Luca...?” George whispers, picking up his cat. There’s no doubt about it; this is Luca, his cat. His cat, who’s supposed to be *dead*. What the fuck was he doing in George’s room *now*, coming back to life like a goddamn zombie?

“I’m not schizophrenic,” George repeats to himself. But at this point, even he’s starting to doubt himself.

“George, can you *please* just fucking *talk* to us?!” Bad pleads.

There it was, again. That strange feeling tickling the back of George’s mind. Suddenly, puzzle pieces were falling into place. Maybe George was wrong about this the whole time. Maybe it *was* him. Maybe *he* was the anomaly.

“Bad,” George says quietly, “Say that again.”

“Um, what?” Bad is, understandably, confused. “I said you should talk to us.”

“No, Bad, you left something out,” George narrows his eyes. He *knows* he caught that. “Bad, you’re cursing.”

An awkward beat of silence. “Yeah,” Bad replies, “I was...?”

“And Sapnap’s cursed a million times, and you haven’t reminded him to watch his language,” George continues.

“Um yeah? So what? Why should I care when Sapnap cusses or not?”

George raises his eyebrows. Suddenly things were clicking into place. “I thought you were just too worried to point it out,” George realizes. “But you actually don’t care, Bad? You don’t think he’s a muffin?”

Bad suddenly laughs. “Psh— a muffin? George...!” He giggles. “That’s so funny, George, why would you call Sapnap a muffin?”

“Oh my god.” George stands up from his chair, a light bulb going off in his head. No wonder. Everything suddenly made so much sense. “You... you’re not Bad.”

Chapter End Notes

Hmm, that ending may be a bit confusing~ What could possibly be going on? I'd love to hear what theories you guys have :D

Fanart for this chapter:

♥ [Why don't any of you remember him?!](#)

Imp

Chapter Summary

“George,” Sapnap speaks up, “explain yourself. We have no idea what’s going on.”

George groans, rubbing his eyes. “My channel name is different. I lost five million subs, and all my manhunt videos are gone. Does that sum it up for you?”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

[_____]
- Imp.
[_____]

“Hey, who’s Dream?” George had asked. He had been livestreaming with Sapnap when a random person, totally *uninvited*, just popped into their server. He checks the teamspeak and sees that the mysterious entity had joined their voicecall as well.

“Yeah, who is he?” Sapnap repeats after him, and he laughs when the mysterious stranger that had joined their teamspeak hits Sapnap’s character in-game.

“You’re not funny,” the IGN ‘Dream’ guy says.

“Seriously,” George rolls his eyes, “Who invited him? Sapnap, is he your friend?”

“No~” Sapnap replies, but his voice shows he’s obviously joking.

“You two are ridiculous,” the Dream guy laughs. “I’m disowning both of you. Bad’s my best friend now.” The Dream guy tries to hit George, but George easily moves his character out of the way.

“*Dream*,” George warns. “Don’t hit me on my own server.”

A pause. “Oh, so this is *your* server now,” Dream wheezes. He clearly found George’s comment funny, for some reason.

“Well, yeah! It is!” George defends. “So you need to behave yourself, or I’m kicking you out. I don’t care if you’re Sapnap’s friend.”

A moment of silence on Dream’s end. He obviously hadn’t expected George to be so strict with him. But he eventually laughs it off, kind of strangely. “Um, okay then. All hail George, the *ultimate* server owner,” he jokes.

George had thought this Dream guy sounded familiar, but he wasn’t sure. “...Bryce?” He wonders aloud.

Both Sapnap and Dream sound confused. “Who?”

Hm... nevermind. George must've been wrong. "Watch over him, Sapnap," George commands. "Make sure your friend doesn't do something stupid."

"What? *Why?* "

"He's the *ultimate* server owner," Dream responds to Sapnap's confusion. "You have to listen to him~"

George quickly glances over the comments. He notices, with surprise, that many of them seem to like this 'Dream' dude's antics. No one's asking who he is, so George supposes Dream must be a smaller minecraft youtuber he just hasn't heard of before. Sigh. Dream just gives off the most *annoying* vibes, but it looks like he'll have to tolerate Dream for now, especially if he's both Sapnap and Bad's friend.

"Oh, hey," George pauses upon seeing the main house on the server. There's a second floor now. He climbs up and finds a pool of water blocked off by glass lining the edge, little fish swimming in it. "This is so cool!"

"Hm? What is?"

"The second floor," George answers, honestly impressed. He didn't see anyone make it, so he assumes it must've been done when he wasn't on the server. "Who made it?"

"I made it."

George rolls his eyes, ignoring Dream's obvious lie. "Seriously, who made it? Was it Callahan?"

"*George,*" Dream laughs, "*I made it.*"

"*No*, you didn't," George groans. This was obviously Dream's first time on the server, after all. So unless he made it all in the span of the past few minutes, he was obviously lying. "Seriously, stop being *annoying.*"

"What? How am *I* being annoying?"

"You keep *lying,*" George defends.

"*Geooorge~* " Dream whines, "Why are you so mean to me today...?"

"Today...?" George questions, then shakes his confusion away. "Are you trying to confuse me? Seriously, just stop it."

> *how much longer is George going to keep up this act lol*

> *aww they're so cute~*

> *a married couple fighting lmao*

> *dreamnotfound dreamnotfound dreamnotfound*

> *guys DONT SHIP THEM*

> *George, stop being mean to dream >:(*

> *dream this disrespect is too much, u should teach him a lesson*

> tell dream you love him george!!!

Why is the chat shipping us? George notices with slight confusion. *Fans these days seem to really go crazy off just the smallest interactions, I guess.*

Dream seems to be reading the chat too, because he suddenly says, “George, tell me you love me!”

“What?” He pales at the mere audacity of a stranger to request such a thing. Who the heck did this Dream guy think he was? “N-no!”

“But, George! I love you!”

George feels himself flush a little. Huh. Dream was probably a big fan of his videos, or something. That makes him feel a bit better about it. “O-okay,” he steels himself for what he’s about to say next, “I love you too.”

“WHOA.” Sapnap cuts in, shouting, “*He actually said it.*”

George notices with piqued interest that the chat is going crazy. Literally, batshit insane. There’s hearts and ships being tossed around everywhere. He doesn’t really get what the big deal is — he says he loves his friends and fans all the time. But for some reason, the chat just *really* wanted to jump onto this particular bandwagon.

“*Geooooorge!!*” Dream sounds absolutely ecstatic. He’s wheezing his lungs out of existence, and he sounds like a goddamn *tea kettle*. “*Thank you!!*”

“Yeah, yeah,” he grins, lightly punching Dream’s character once with a steak. He realizes now that Dream’s skin is super weird. His whole head and back is green, and it’s hard to tell what he is exactly, but when he stops moving, there’s a smiley-face person on his front. “Your skin looks dumb.”

“Wh... *what*,” Dream deadpans as Sapnap snickers in the background. “George. That’s so mean. My skin is *not* dumb.”

George sees Dream take a couple swings at him again, but he jumps out of the way. “Sapnap, have you *seen* Dream’s skin?”

“Yeah, it’s pretty dumb.”

“*Sapnap!*” Dream hisses, which only causes Sapnap to laugh. “Come *on*. It’s not that bad.”

“It kind of is,” George backs him up, making Dream swing at him again. Unfortunately for George, it actually connects this time. He’s momentarily surprised that Dream was able to get a hit off him, but he quickly shakes it away. “Dream! Stop *hitting* me!”

“No,” Dream decides, an eerily happy tone in his voice, “If you don’t say you’re sorry, I’m going to kill you.”

“As if you could catch me,” George snorts. He’s had *way* too much practice from playing manhunts with his friends, and he’d like to think he’s pretty good at it by this point. Some newbie player just starting out on youtube literally had no chance against him.

“Come ‘ere, George!!”

George does no such thing, nimbly hopping from block to block. “Dream, you’re *not* going to get

me. Just give up—” George pauses in shock as he’s knocked off from the treetops, suffering a fair number of hearts from fall damage.

“Say you’re sorry, George!~ ”

“N-no,” George narrows his eyes, finally starting to play seriously. This was the second time Dream had caught him off-guard, and he wasn’t planning on getting hit for a third. His brain kicks into manhunt mode, figuring out ways to get Dream off his tail. Find a ravine? Climb a mountain? Dolphins?

“George, you’re so *dead*,” Sapnap laughs.

“No way,” George replies, taking a peek behind his character with the intention to shoot an arrow, but his eyes widen when he realizes Dream is right on his tail. How was this possible?? He literally took the shortest, quickest paths possible. None of his other friends could ever follow his specific patterns with accuracy, so he should’ve been able to get away with ease.

“Do you need help George?” Sapnap offers, snickering behind his question, “If you say ‘please’, I can lend you a hand—”

“No thank you,” George grits his teeth, quickly hopping under tree leaves to gain speed. He can, unfortunately enough, hear Dream doing the same thing with his spacebar. He wasn’t putting any distance between them. “You’d be pretty useless.”

George ignores Sapnap’s grumble of protests, hopping a ravine and trying to vertically block the path he used to cross. Dream doesn’t fall for it though. George hops off a cliff with a water bucket, and Dream uses a hay bale. George swims into the water to look for dolphins, but Dream already has a boat. George groans inwardly, suddenly recalling that Dream is a fan. Obviously, he would’ve seen all of George’s videos and known his strategies already.

“Geoorge, you can’t run forever!”

This was so stupid.

At some point, George realizes he’ll need to turn around and fight. He’s definitely better at running, but against Dream, he thinks it makes sense to change tactics. After towering up, he leaps down and crits his pursuer. “Fight me, Dream!”

Dream laughs, kind of too smugly, George thinks. “You think you can win against me in a 1v1, George?”

“I *know* I can,” George replies. He had to admit Dream was pretty skillful at minecraft, but he was hoping he’d be worse in combat. George quickly realizes, however, that he is wrong. Dream *knows* what he’s doing. He knows how to use a shield, when to use the axe, how to crit, when to back off. He doesn’t shout when he’s low, and doesn’t turn tail often enough for George to get a good hit in.

“George~ ” Dream cackles, “I know you’re low!”

George *was*, in fact, low. But he’s been holding up well, and he was fairly certain he had done the same thing to Dream. So he takes a chance — he feints running away, and as Dream begins to give chase to close the distance between them, he suddenly turns and lands one last blow.

Dream disappears into sparkles, leaving only his items behind. “WHAAAAAAAT.” Dream shouts. A table slams. “WHAAAAAAAT. GEOOORGE!”

“WHOOAAA!” Sapnap is screaming in the background too.

George giggles, trying to calm his pounding heart. That had been a fucking close call. He really *barely* pulled himself out of that one. “Yeeesss!” He cheers.

“Oh my *god*,” Dream complains, groaning from frustration. “I have nothing now. God, I was so *close*, you... you were low, right? Right George?”

“Nope,” George lies, popping the “p”. “I was almost full health.”

“Chat says you’re lying,” Dream points out.

“They’re memeing,” George grins.

“There’s no *way*,” Dream persists. “I hit you like, a million times! How did you not die?!”

“Because I’m a *better minecraft player* than you, obviously.”

Dream snorts. “You were just lucky, George. I bet I could kill you if I found you again.”

“Really?” George grins, suddenly getting an idea. Dream was honestly a pretty good player, much better than George expected. He normally wouldn’t make a suggestion like this, but... “Why don’t you become the fourth hunter in our manhunts then?” He offers.

A beat of silence. “With... you as the speedrunner?” Dream’s voice is disbelieving. But George gets it. Even he has to admit it’s weird for him, one of the most popular minecraft youtubers, to suddenly invite a player he’s only just met. But Sapnap and Bad seem to already know who he is, so he thinks it’s technically okay.

“What do you think, Sapnap?” George asks. “How long have you known Dream? Do you think he’d make a good fourth hunter?”

“...George,” Sapnap laughs. “Dream *is* the equivalent of four hunters. He’ll kill you even if it’s *just* him.”

George frowns. “Well, I *won* just now, didn’t I?”

“We all know that was just luck, George,” Dream says.

“You’re just salty you *lost*,” George rolls his eyes. “Because I beat you with *pure skill*.”

Dream hesitates. “Actually though, George, you were so much better this time. You actually *used* your shield properly, and you played pvp really well.”

“What do you mean, ‘*this time*’? I’ve always been this good.”

“No,” there’s a smile in Dream’s words, “You’ve literally *never* been this good before. You’ve gotten better, George! Have you been practicing for manhunts?”

“I guess so,” George answers. There’s something weird about the way Dream phrased it, as if George has always been bad and only just now became good. Or maybe he was just misunderstanding. Whatever. “You have a youtube channel, right?” George prompts, hoping he could do some research on him. “Is it just called Dream?”

“Um...” Dream pauses, seeming confused about something. George doesn’t pay it that much mind, searching for Dream’s channel name in youtube. He quickly locates the icon that looks exactly like

Dream's skin. He balks though, when he sees the dude's subscriber count.

"...NINE MILLION?" George yelps. Even *he* only had seven million. This dude was *insane*. God, no *wonder* he was so good at minecraft. "How come I've never heard of you before??"

"Um..." this time it was Sapnap sounding confused. He must not have known about Dream's sub count either, or he would've told George.

George pauses though, when he sees Dream's most recent videos. "Wait..." he scans the titles, feeling extremely confused. "Dream, have you been copying my videos?"

"...What? "

"They're all *manhunt* videos," George explains, "And... and why did you put me in your thumbnails?" God, now he was *so* confused. Was Dream a copy-cat? Was he one of those youtubers that click-baited viewers? That would explain the sheer number of views, but the sub count still didn't make sense.

"Um, George?" Sapnap chuckles nervously. "You should probably stop pretending now. It was funny at first, but now it's just weird."

"Weird? Pretending?" George frowns. "What are you talking about?"

"George, stop it." Dream sounds kind of worried.

"Stop *what*? "

"You know what I mean."

"As a matter of fact, I *don't*." George crosses his arms, raising an eyebrow at the chat when he sees they're not attacking Dream. Something weird is going on. But he doesn't really know what it is. It all started because Dream joined the server. Dream, someone he's never heard of before, but was also simultaneously a popular youtuber with the same content as George? "Dream, who the hell *are* you?"

"G-George?" Dream sounds concerned now, "What do you...?"

"Where did you come from?" George asks. "How is it that I've never heard of you before, but you're friends with both of my friends, and you have a *gigantic* youtube channel, but all your content just happens to be exactly like mine?"

"Whu...?" Sapnap echoes.

"George, what are you *talking* about. How am I *copying* you?"

"Minecraft manhunts are *my* kind of videos," George answers simply, confused as to what Dream possibly has to deny. "If they're showing up on your channel, it just means you're using my ideas, right?"

"...Sapnap," Dream speaks hesitantly, "Am I...?"

"Dude, I don't know. I'm confused too."

"Look," George sighs, "I'm just going to open up my channel and show you, okay?" But immediately upon opening his page, he notices something wrong. "What... what's wrong with my *name*? Why am I called... *GeorgeNotFound* ...?"

“George?” Sarnap calls, “George, are you— are you *okay?* ”

“*My subscribers!* ” George shouts, jumping out of his chair. It’s less. *Way* less. He lost... he lost *five million*. But why?! “And... and my videos!” His heart thunders in panic, “The manhunts are all *gone!* ”

“George, WHAT.” To his credit, Dream sounds just as confused as George. “George, *what’s wrong?* ”

George slowly sinks back into his chair, feeling defeated and shocked. “I... I lost five million subs...”

“Five million? George, you... you only *have* two million, how could you have lost *more* than that?”

“I have two million *now*, ” George snaps, then suddenly realizes something. “Did... did my viewers leave because of you? Do they think your videos are better than mine or something?”

Dream doesn’t reply this time, clearly at a loss of what to say.

“George,” Sarnap speaks up, “explain yourself. We have no idea what’s going on.”

George groans, rubbing his eyes. “My channel name is *different*. I *lost* five million subs, and all my manhunt videos are *gone*. Does that sum it up for you?”

> *i’m so confused, wth is going on*

> *george thinks he had 7 mill subs, but idk why*

> *they’re obv acting ppl -_-*

> *Is George okay?*

> *guys i’m scared*

“George, please tell us you’re joking,” Dream whispers.

George’s eyes flick from the chat to his channel. Back and forth, back and forth. “This is a prank, right? You guys planned something together.”

“George, this isn’t funny.”

“That’s not my actual channel. You guys just made a dummy account and linked it... somehow. I don’t know how you did it.”

“*George.* ”

“*What, Dream?*”

“George, do you...” Dream hesitates. “Do you know who I am?”

George pauses. He doesn’t know why the air is so quiet. It’s like everyone’s waiting with baited breath, *hoping* for something. What is with this atmosphere? Why does it feel so strange?

“No,” he answers honestly. “Obviously. Today’s my first time meeting you.”

Chapter End Notes

Oooo~ now who is this? :) Leave more of your theories if your ideas have changed, though I will say, quite a number of you have already correctly predicted what was going on! o3o Color me impressed~

Imp

Chapter Summary

“Dream is your friend, stupid! You’ve known him for YEARS!”

George blinks, surprised at Sapnap’s outburst. “Why would you SAY that? I’ve literally never heard of him before until today.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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Imp.

“George, turn off the stream.”

“What, *why?* ”

“George, listen to Dream,” Sapnap begs, “We need to talk to you.”

When George hesitates, Dream emphasizes, “I’m *serious*, George. Please.”

“Okay, *okay*. But I’m only doing this because Sapnap told me to listen to you.” He turns back to his cam. “Sorry guys, but I’m going to have to end the stream early for today. Goodbye!”

He does what Sapnap asks of him and crosses his arms when he’s done. “Okay, I did it. What did you want to say to me, Mister Copycat?”

“I—” There’s that confused tone again, “*George.*” His name sounds like a plea. But George has no idea what Dream *wants* from him.

“*What.* You told me to end the stream just so you could say my name?”

“*George,*” Sapnap tries again, “you *really* don’t know?”

“If you mean why I don’t know my channel lost *five millions subs*, then yes, I don’t.”

“No, that’s— *god*, George, no. We’re not doing this again. I’m *asking* you if you don’t know who *Dream* is.”

“I *told* you! Today’s my first time meeting him. *You* invited him onto my server.”

“You’re saying that again,” Dream suddenly inserts. “What do you mean *your* server?”

George doesn’t understand what he’s getting at. “Well, it’s *my* server? Obviously.”

“...I thought he was joking,” Sapnap mumbles.

“Me too!” Dream replies, sounding upset. “George, are you an idiot? We’re on *my* server.”

George blinks. “Um, no? I *made* it.”

“I am *so* confused,” Sapnap cries in the background.

“George, you *promise* you’re not joking? You’re not just trying to mess with us?”

“How am I messing with you?!” George nearly shouts, “When *you* guys are the ones being all *weird!* ”

“George,” Dream starts, sounding lost, “You... did you forget me, or something?”

George blinks. “*Forget* you?” He realizes the implication of that. “Are you saying I’ve met you before somewhere? Is that why you’re so confused?”

“I guess...?”

“Well, I’m sorry if I don’t remember,” George frowns. “I can’t remember the names of *every* person who donates on my streams—”

“*George!* ” Sapnap groans, interrupting him mid-sentence. “That’s not fucking *it*, George!”

“Then what fucking *is it*, Sapnap? Tell me what I’m missing, if it’s *sooo* obvious!”

“Dream is your *friend*, stupid! You’ve known him for *years!* ”

George blinks, surprised at Sapnap’s outburst. “Why would you *say* that? I’ve *literally* never heard of him before until today.”

Sapnap, appearing flustered by George’s response, stutters incoherent phrases. “*Dream?!* What the hell is going on??”

“I don’t... I don’t know either! George, can you really not recall *anything* you’ve done with me, *ever* ?”

At this point, George realized that Sapnap and Dream were truly freaking out. This wasn’t some stupid joke, and it wasn’t them being weird. They talked to him like... like something was wrong with *him*. And George entertained the thought for a second. And in doing so, he realized that in a two versus one, there was a highly likely chance *they* were in the right and he was... wrong.

“I... I don’t,” he admits. “I don’t recall anything.”

“George,” Sapnap sounds panicked, “are you suffering from *amnesia?* ”

“No, Sapnap. I remember you, don’t I?”

“Why is it just *me?* ” Dream sounds bewildered, and a little hurt.

“I don’t... I don’t know.” George feels bad. He’s not sure if he really knows Dream, but he feels bad in the case that he’s *supposed* to know.

“You should watch some of our videos, George. Maybe if you look through them, you’ll remember something.”

“But...” George frowns, “I don’t have *amnesia.*” He clicks on a video anyway, out of curiosity

more than anything. His hand had automatically moved to one of those manhunt ones. He wanted to see if this Dream dude he apparently forgot was as good as him.

“Anything rings a bell?” Sapnap asks.

George watches, and watches, and watches, and... well. At first, he’s just impressed. Dream is a lot like him — he’s good at running away, pulling strategies out of his ass, and a quick thinker. George’s really starting to think he *did* win in their 1v1 purely due to luck. As the video goes on though, he quickly realizes the problem.

He’s *in* these videos. But he doesn’t remember any of it.

Suddenly, George is scared. How can he have done all this but not recall any of it? What was wrong with him? “Well, fuck,” George realizes.

“What? *What?* ” Dream sounds so hopeful that George feels bad about dampening their spirits.

“I don’t remember doing any of this.”

Silence stretches throughout the voice call, the only sound coming from the video George is watching. It’s him screaming as Dream chases after him. He’s also realized that in these videos, he’s really shit at minecraft. Literally. He’s never seen such a coward before. What the hell was his... past non-amnesia-self doing??

“I don’t think it’s amnesia,” George repeats.

“...why?” Dream asks. He’s so quiet, George can barely hear him.

“It’s not just about me forgetting things,” he explains, “because according to you guys... the memories I *do* have aren’t even real.”

“Oh!” Sapnap understands immediately. “Like how you think you made the server?”

“Did I... did I really not?” George asks hesitantly. He was so *sure* he made it. He remembers the day he started his first livestream and invited all his friends to accompany him. They made that house on the lake together and everything.

“No, Dream made it.”

“Sapnap, he doesn’t remember. He *doesn’t remember*.”

“I know—”

“*Why doesn’t he remember?!* ”

“And my sub count,” George adds, feeling shrivelly inside, praying Sapnap will tell him he’s wrong, “has it... has it really never reached seven million before?”

“It hasn’t, George,” Sapnap answers.

George’s heart drops into his stomach. There went all his hard work, all those milestones he *remembered* celebrating. “And my name... my channel name’s always been *GeorgeNotFound* ?”

“You...” Sapnap sounds disbelieving, “you forgot that too?!”

“It’s such a dumb name,” George huffs, “Why did my past self come up with that?”

“George,” Dream sighs, “I came up with that.”

“Oh.” George sheepishly scratches the back of his head. He reminds himself to watch his mouth, especially since he’s got no clue what’s going on. “Sorry.”

“George,” Sapnap starts, “do you still remember Bad? Antfrost? Wilbur? Tommy? Tubbo—”

“Yes, yes, yes, all of them is a yes,” George confirms. “Of course I do.”

“But not me,” Dream deadpans. “Apparently not me.”

“...yeah.”

“Why is your memory so picky?” Dream sounds frustrated. “Why is it just *me* you don’t remember?”

“It’s not just you. I think all my memories are fucked up,” George admits, pinching the skin between his eyes. “I don’t know what happened. I didn’t hit my head or *anything*.”

“What do we do?” Sapnap wonders aloud. It’s probably what all of them are wondering.

“For now, I think... I think I’ll just watch these videos,” George decides. “Try to dash my memory. Maybe if I look through them all, eventually *something* will strike me as familiar. Right?”

“Okay...” Sapnap agrees. “Do you want us to stay with you, man? If anything seems confusing to you, we could help explain it...”

“That would be helpful, yeah.”

“Dream, you with us?”

“Oh, yeah, yeah.” Dream sounds distracted. “Sorry, I was calming down twitter. But yeah, I agree, I think I have to be here. Especially since I seem to be the main thing messing up George’s head or whatever.”

“I’m... I’m sorry I don’t remember you,” George apologizes. He really *does* feel bad for forgetting. Dream sounds pretty upset about the whole thing, so George figures they must’ve been pretty close.

“It’s not your fault,” he replies. “We’ll figure this out, George. Don’t worry.”

Except George *is* worried. Because what if it *was* his fault, and he just forgot that too? To what extent did his not-so-amnesia cover? Just how much could he trust *any* of his memories?

“Okay,” George eventually says, moving his mouse to the next video on Dream’s channel. It was time to binge all these bad boys.

Chapter End Notes

And for those of you who are reading this fic in the future, I will take a wild guess and assume you're binging all these chapters as well ;)

Also, those of you that came up with calling the original "George prime" and the

secondary "Goerge"... you're hilarious lmfaooo

Have some really amazing fanart!!

♥ Siberian - [Dreams and Georges](#)

Alt

Chapter Summary

“Okay, this is getting confusing,” Bad laughs. “Can we give you guys two different names?”

“Um, okay?”

"What about... Alter? George Alter!"

Chapter Notes

Guess you've found out what the "Alt." at the beginning of these chapters stand for lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



“You didn’t *forget* Dream,” George realizes. “You just never *knew* him in the first place!”

“...What?” Bad echoes.

“Dude,” Sapnap complains, “you’re not making any sense. You *just said* that we both knew Dream.”

“I— I was wrong,” George admits. His mind is whirling with realizations. “I think it’s not as simple as Dream disappearing and everyone just forgetting him. There’s something *more*. And... I think I know what it is.”

“Okay...? Then *tell* us!”

George takes a deep breath, readying himself for the words he’s about to say. Words that even *he’s* having trouble believing.

“Guys, I think... I don’t think I’m your George.”

“Hm?” Bad questions, “What do you mean by that?”

“The George you know plays minecraft manhunt as the speedrunner,” George explains, petting Luca who’s curled up in his lap. (He missed his cat more than he thought.) “The George you know has a cat that’s alive, and the George you know has seven million subscribers on youtube.”

“Well, yeah,” Sapnap confirms, “Isn’t that you?”

“It’s *not* me,” George corrects, inwardly cringing just thinking about how different they are. “In manhunt videos, I’m a hunter like you guys. My cat Luca... died at the age of one year. My channel only has two million subs, AND,” George adds, frowning at his channel, “It’s *supposed* to be called GeorgeNotFound.”

“What do you mean by *supposed to be*...?”

“I’m a different George. I’m not the same one that you guys know.” George scratches his head, realizing how stupid he sounds. “This isn’t very believable, is it?”

“I’m just... having a hard time wrapping my head around it,” Sapnap admits. “You look and sound like George, so how are you *not* George?”

“I’m a different one,” George repeats.

“Yeah, but from *where*? ” Bad ponders. “Another fucking dimension?”

George winces. “Bad, *please* stop cursing.” Bad in this world had retained his same caring persona, but his change in language ticked George off.

“What? *Why*? Do you have a problem with me doing it?”

“I mean, kind of. It just doesn’t suit you. The Bad I know censors his curses with the word muffin, so I’m not used to it.”

“...Oh!” Bad exclaims with realization, “I get it. Your experiences *are* from somewhere else! Just with similar... people around you, and stuff.”

“This is *so* weird,” Sapnap comments with disbelief. “So we’re just, what, copies of people you know? Hey George, do *I* seem different to you?”

“Um, well, I *was* confused about something,” George frowns. “How did you come up with the name Sapnap, if you don’t know who Dream is?”

A beat of silence. “Okay,” Sapnap decides, “Hey Bad? I think this George is right. He’s not the same one we know.”

“Yeah, that’s definitely sus.”

George raises his eyebrows. “What, how come? What did I even *say*? ”

“George, *you* came up with my name. Though,” Sapnap fixes, “I guess not *you* you, but *our* George did.”

“Okay, this is getting confusing,” Bad laughs. “Can we give you guys two different names?”

“Um, okay?”

“So *our* George is just George,” Sapnap decides, “and you’re George #2.”

“WHAT. *Excuse me*. I’m the original George! *Your* George should be George #2.”

“To *us*, you’re not the original,” Bad points out.

George thinks about it, and realizes they’re right. “Okay... but *at least* get rid of the number. I sound like a *packaging label*.”

Bad giggles at that. “Okay, okay. What about... Alter? George Alter!”

“Alter...” George echoes, “as in alternate?”

“It sounds dumb.”

At Bad’s sputter of protest, George rolls his eyes. “No one cares about your opinion, Sapnap. I think it works, so let’s just use that for now. Now where were we?”

“We were talking about differences between your dimension and our’s.”

“Right. I’m sorry, but I *can’t* do manhunt videos with you guys. Your George is on a whole other... *crazy* level.” George feels a prickle of jealousy, realizing that there is a better version of himself out there. Whatever. Thinking about it was stupid. “I don’t *care* if he has seven million subs, but I need to go back. To *my* world.”

“Well, we want our George back too,” Sapnap agrees. “You may sound like him, but you’re so *clumsy* at minecraft in comparison. You’d never be able to pull off the way he plays in a video.”

“*Thanks*, Sapnap.”

“I was actually wondering about something,” Bad suddenly inserts, “If you’re not *our* George, then where *did* our George go?”

“I... I dunno,” George ponders. “Maybe we’re both in the same body, but mine just happens to be more dominant...”

“Then is your real body just lifeless?” Bad questions.

“Hey, I know!” Sapnap exclaims, “What if you two *traded places*? ”

“...oh.” George’s eyes widen, imagining an imposter in his own body, “Oh, that would... that would *suck*.”

“It *already* sucks,” Sapnap attaches unhelpfully.

“So, how did this happen?” Bad leads the conversation back on track. “Alter, what caused you to appear in our George? Or, if we use Sapnap’s theory, what caused you two to swap?”

“I *don’t know*,” George grumbles, racking his brain for suspicious activities he may have done. “I haven’t *done* anything!”

“No freaky magic?” Sapnap inquires. “Lab experiment gone wrong? Falling out of windows? Buying a sus doll? Shooting-star wishes?”

“No, no, n—” his words register. “Wait, what? Why *falling out of a window*? ”

“Maybe you landed into a dimensional portal and didn’t realize,” Sapnap explains. At George’s baffled silence, he adds, “Dude, you literally swapped bodies with your alternate self. I think anything is possible at this point.”

“R-right,” George sighs, face-palming. Even this Sapnap was still an idiot. “You’re right. But still. That’d be a different level of stupid.”

“So what do we do?” Bad asks, sounding concerned, “If we don’t even know *why* you switched?”

George hesitates in his answer. “I think... we have to go search for the anomaly. We need to go find the most obvious difference, and work our way on from there. It’s the only clue we have.”

“Aren’t *you* the anomaly though?” Sapnap checks.

“No, I mean, the biggest difference between this world and *mine*. If this world is really a parallel of mine, proven by all you guys existing, that must mean he exists too.”

“Oh!” Bad exclaims, “You don’t mean...?”

“*Dream* must be in this world too,” George confirms. “He *has* to be. And I’m going to go look for him.”

Chapter End Notes

Hehe, now that the plot is finally sort-of confirmed, I can give credit where credit is due...

This story's idea was partly inspired by maxx's "trust your heart if the seas catch fire."

It's a fic from a different fandom... so check it out if you're an ARMY, ig? haha~

Alt

Chapter Summary

Sappitus Nappitus: still can't believe you came to AMERICA

Sappitus Nappitus: alt george you're pulling a simp move right now

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



After that load of bad news, George was only met with good news left and right.

Other than the seven million subs and millions of views on his youtube videos, of course. The George of this world seemed to use the same passwords as him, so he had easy access to his bank account. And, wow, his other self is *loaded*. Probably came with the perks of being the most popular minecraft youtuber.

As George is buying himself plane tickets, he wonders if he should get someone to join him. After all, both Sapnap and Bad are *in* america. How easy would it be, if he could get one of them to tag along? But in the end, he decides not to invite them. It wasn't like any of them *knew* Dream, so what was the point? It wouldn't be a sentimental reunion for them like it was for George.

Even though earlier flights are more expensive, George doesn't think twice before buying them. It wasn't like it was *his* money, and his other self probably put him in this mess anyway, granted George hadn't *done* anything, so. This was the least his other self could sacrifice to make up for the bullshit he had to go through.

The other good news George was met with was how... *respected* he was in the community. It's kind of hard to explain. George needed someone to look after Luca, so he had mentioned it to Wilbur during text, jokingly instigating that he should do it. What he *hadn't* expected was for Wilbur to *jump* at the opportunity, offering himself right away.

George had been surprised. No doubt it had something to do with his other self's social standing, or something dumb like that. Other than Sapnap and Tommy (who were always annoying little shits), everyone else treated George like he was standing on a raised pedestal. He felt like... someone important. It was nice, sure. But it was also... pressuring?

George kind of wonders if this is what Dream goes through every day.

But ugh, speaking of Dream. George has been to his house before, and though he didn't remember the address exactly, he figures he'll know the general direction once he gets to Orlando. So far, George has found most location-wise things to be the same between both dimensions. He's really hoping that Clay will be living in the same place too.

Because if he didn't... George would be completely out of leads. He's already scoured the whole web for traces of Dream, hoping he'd just be a smaller, unknown channel. But there's been nothing. Zilch. Zero.

George is honestly unsure what to think. Working under the assumption that Dream even *did* exist in this world, why would he *not* play minecraft? What stopped him from starting a youtube channel? And if not those things, then what *was* he up to?

George is scared of what he'll find in Florida. But he steels himself, knowing he has to be brave and take initiative. If he wants any hope of returning to his world, he *has* to do this.

┌───────────┐

-

Alter

└───────────┘

George is here. He got here *way* faster than he expected, with barely any complications. The Orlando airport is bustling with people, fast-walking left and right and *everywhere*. Normally, George would be nervous and afraid of getting lost here without Dream. But George *has* been here before, when he visited Dream in his world. The airport looks basically the same, just like George had guessed.

Things were looking good so far.

George checks his messages, finding several check-ins from his (or, the other George's?) friends. He snickers at the name the other George had set for Sapnap.

GoodBoyHalo: did you arrive safely?

Sappitus Nappitus: still can't believe you came to AMERICA

Sappitus Nappitus: alt george you're pulling a simp move right now

George snickers, wheeling his suitcase around with him as he tries to find the exit. Ah! There it is. As he waits outside with other passengers for an uber to pick him up, George texts a response back, confirming his arrival and dissing Sapnap for being a meanie.

George so badly wants to go straight to Dream's home. He wants to see Dream's face, confirm for himself whether or not his friend even *exists* in this world. But wouldn't it be better to find a place to rest first? Going *right now*, George felt it was too... fast. He wasn't prepared. He needed time.

So George makes the smart(?) decision to find a place to stay first. He was tired and grumpy from being jet-lagged anyway. He grabs a room at a random nearby hotel, and because Orlando is more pricey than he thought, he ends up spending more of his other self's bucks. Whatever. This was all just a small price to pay for finding the truth.

He spends the whole night writing out ideas to himself on those small notepads the hotels provide. About how he should introduce himself, get Dream to talk to him, not seem like a creepy stalker, etc. This was an important step. George had to be careful with this, because although he knew his friend like the back of his hand, to the Dream of this world he'd be a complete *stranger*.

After texting his friends (he might as well call them his friends at this point, they're all in this together) to get more ideas and calm himself, he falls asleep from exhaustion, his head swimming with worries.

Next morning, George is refreshed. He looks at those notes he wrote, reflects on the conversations he's had with his friends, and he feels *good*. He's *ready* to take on whatever challenge this world would present him.

He was ready to meet this world's Clay.

George grabs another uber and, though he isn't able to give an exact address, his driver is thankfully patient with him, obeying him when he gives directions on the spot. George takes this as a good sign. Things are looking up, and George feels more positive than ever. He could *do* this.

George finally gets off a couple blocks away from Dream's house, deciding to walk the rest of the way. The street and stores around him are all vaguely familiar. George *knows* he's in the right place. His pace quickens, heart beating faster with every step that took him closer to his destination.

Then, *voila*. There it was. *Dream's* house. George remembers this clearly. It looks *exactly the same*, too. There was no doubt in his mind. And, feeling positive about how well everything has gone so far, George is able to quickly muster his courage and walk to the front door.

This was it. All of George's questions would be answered now, in the next ten minutes. The thought is so exciting, but also nerve-wracking, that George is shaking. He raises his hand and rings the doorbell.

The door opens, and a nice lady appears. It's Dream's mom, George recognizes. He lets out a breath he hadn't known he was holding, relief swamping him.

"Hello?"

"H-hi!" George greets, reciting the words he had planned on saying. "Um, I'm a friend of Clay's. I apologize for coming so suddenly, but I was hoping I could talk with him?"

"Oh!" Dream's mother looks pleasantly surprised. "Which friend are you?"

George considers lying, but because he can't think of a fake name quickly enough, he sticks with the truth. "George."

The mother gives an apologetic smile. "Well, I'm sorry George, but Clay isn't home right now. He's off at university."

George stares, blinking blankly. *Oh*.

Well shit.

Chapter End Notes

For anyone wondering how George knows where Clay lives, both of these dimensions exist in a corona-free world and, under that pretense, we can assume George would've long visited Clay already ^^

Imp

Chapter Summary

“Hey,” Bad suddenly starts, “I have an idea George. Are you guys willing to hear me out?”

“Um, sure?”

“If we played manhunt with you right now, do you think you could recreate those memories of yours?”

Chapter Notes

ASDFGHJKL THE NEW MINECRAFT MANHUNT WAS POG (no doubt you've already seen it... RIGHT?? GO LOOK IF U HAVENT THO FORREAL, IT'S EPIC)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“*Dream!* What is *up* with you today?”

“It’s...” Dream had hesitated, seeming conflicted. “I’m sorry. I’ve just... had a confusing week.”

“It’s not Dream’s fault,” Sapnap supports. “He’s going through rough times.”

“Believe me, I’m *very* happy that we’ve won so many times, and you can be sure I’ll be putting these in the record books. But how can we make a manhunt video if you keep *dying* to *George* ?!” Bad groans, sounding exasperated over the call. “Seriously, this is like the *fourth time* we’ve had to redo, Dream.”

“Let me try again! I’ll do well this time.”

“That’s what you said *every* round.”

George feels a little guilty. He’d been trying to fall into the role everyone remembered him as, even if he didn’t know exactly what that role *was*. He’s watched over all his videos, trying to piece together what kind of person he was. At first, he was just really disappointed in himself. Then he began to feel impressed. Because Dream... was probably the best minecraft player George has ever met. Which was saying something, since George had always considered *himself* to be the best player.

It’s so *confusing* though, watching the way he interacts with Dream. That someone who he appears to have forgotten... talks to him like they’ve known each other for years. It also didn’t help that Dream was a total flirt. God, George feels embarrassed just watching himself interact with him in videos. It’s endearing and all but... still. How did his past self ever *deal* with this? Who *was* Dream?

Just what kind of relationship did he and Dream have?

George feels bad for forgetting. So he's trying his best to stay "in-character" to himself.

Except, they're trying to record a new manhunt video, and George keeps killing Dream in the first ten minutes of every round. He's not playing any different from how he usually would. He's just trying his best, and the result is about as much as he expected. Three people versus one, with George on the three-person side, was just too much, even for someone like Dream (who even George had to admit was an impressive player).

"I don't think we should continue," Bad eventually suggests. "You're not in a good mood right now, right Dream?"

"Yeah, that's... I guess so. I'm pretty distracted."

"Sorry," George apologizes. He knows he's probably what's on Dream's mind right now. George would probably go crazy if a close friend of his forgot him too.

"It's not your fault you always land the last hit," Dream dismisses, kind of missing the reason for George's apology. "Like I said George, you've gotten a *lot* better. You're always right on my tail while everyone else is far behind."

"Oh yeah!" Bad inserts, "I've been meaning to ask you George. How the *muffin* do you always manage to keep up with Dream?" George moves his character out of the way just as Bad tries to hit him in-game.

George giggles. "Hehe, muffin?"

The call goes silent for a second. "Yeah? I said muffin."

There's a weird ambience in the air, and George realizes he must've gone "out of character" again. But he has no idea *what* he's done wrong. "O-oh." He laughs nervously, trying to disguise his embarrassment. "Sorry, I just thought it was funny."

"Funny?" Bad sounds *very* confused. "Well, um. Yeah! Muffins are nice."

Sapnap groans. "Dream, we should just tell him."

Oh. George realizes he had done a poor job of being "himself" again. "A-are you sure?" George questions. "I don't want to cause unnecessary trouble..."

"No, Sapnap's right," Dream sighs. "We're just making things more confusing by not explaining. It'll be better if we're all in the know."

"In the *know*?" Bad speaks incredulously. "What do you mean? Are you guys *in* on something I don't know about?"

"We didn't mean to hide it from you, Bad," Dream apologizes. Then he begins to explain George's situation. So far, the story they've stuck with is amnesia with hints of schizophrenia. George *has* been making up stuff, after all. Even his fucking *cat*, who he thought for certain was alive, had apparently been *dead for ages*. It still made him upset to think about.

"Excuse me? What?!" To no surprise of any of them, Bad shows no hint of believing them. "I—*Dream*, I thought you said it was just a skit...?"

"Dream's not lying," Sapnap affirms. "George has forgotten a *lot* of stuff."

“But... even *Dream*?” At the call’s silent confirmation, Bad continues, “There’s *no way*. George *forgetting Dream*? How is that even *possible*? Just a couple days ago, George even came to me about— oh.” He stops himself. “You’re not... you’re not pranking me, right? Are you recording? Is Skeppy in on this?”

“No,” Dream answers, sounding amused by that. “No, we wouldn’t team up with him to make fun of you, Bad.”

“*Okay*, well, that I believe,” Bad decides. “So um... I’m going to guess this is the problem that’s been on your mind the whole time?”

“Yeah.”

Bad hums thoughtfully. “I’m honestly still a little confused. Um... George? Can I ask you some questions?”

“Yeah?”

“You remember me, right?”

“Yeah,” George replies honestly. “I think so.”

“And you forgot Dream... but you were fine before all this happened?”

“I... I dunno.” It’s so hard to explain what’s wrong with him when he can’t even put a name to it. “I *feel* like everything was fine before, all my memories were *fine*, and I recall them so *vividly*. But... but suddenly everyone is telling me those things I know were incorrect? And... and my brain is all messed up now, I don’t know what’s real or in my head...”

“Hey George... what *do* you remember, exactly?”

“I... it doesn’t matter. Nothing I remember matches up with anything that’s *actually* happened...”

Bad sounds concerned. “George, tell me,” he repeats, “what do you remember?”

“I... I had seven million subscribers,” George whispers, feeling stupid, especially when he knows he’s wrong.

“Alright? Keep going.”

“I did minecraft manhunt recordings with you, Sapnap, and Ant. My channel got *so* popular, I got millions of views on dozens of my videos. I was the... most popular minecraft channel on youtube.”

“Sounds like a fever-dream,” Sapnap comments.

“But it didn’t happen in a *day*,” George argues. “I have several *months* worth of memories that are just... just *wrong*.”

“Who was the speedrunner?” Bad asks curiously.

“Oh. It was me.”

“*You?!* ” Dream sounds surprised by that. “You... what...?”

“Hey,” Bad suddenly starts, “I have an idea George. Are you guys willing to hear me out?”

“Um, sure?”

“George, if we played manhunt with you right now, do you think you could recreate those memories of yours?”

“*Oh.*” For some reason, the suggestion makes George excited. He gets to play manhunt again, but *his* way? The way he remembers it in *his* memories? “R-really? You want to try?”

“He’s not going to even last a minute though,” Sapnap complains. “Haven’t we already established that George’s memories are made up?”

“It’s just a *suggestion*,” Bad hurriedly explains himself. “Maybe making George do things he doesn’t remember isn’t the right way to go. So I just thought we could try recreating his, um, memories that he *does* remember, like a, um... like an anti-proof...?”

“How does that even make any *sense*.”

“Sapnap, shut up,” Dream suddenly inserts. He’d been silent over the course of Bad’s explanation, but now he sounded determined. “Bad, let’s try your idea. Like, this recording session is already ruined anyway because of me. We don’t have anything to lose. If you’re up for it, George?”

“Y-yeah!” George wants to play manhunts again, as a speedrunner. With *Dream* as a hunter. “Yes, I... I want to try.” The experience sounded new and intriguing. George is already looking forward to it, his heart hammering with anticipation.

“I still don’t think this will do anything, but whatever. Should we give George a few starting pieces of wood, just to give him a chance?”

George is about to refuse, but Dream interrupts him. “Okay, let’s do that. George, make a new world and invite all of us.”

George does as he’s told. Yes, he’d been trying so hard to replace his memories with new ones, but there’s no doubt about it — they’re so *clear*, these old memories of his. Everyone around him says they’re fake, hallucinations his brain came up with, but as he stands in the center of attention staring his friends down, George feels his chest thrumming. This is *so* familiar. Minus the extra Dream, this is *exactly* how he remembers *everything*.

It’s honestly such a relief to be able to embrace rather than push away his skills for once.

After offering a departing punch, George’s character is off and running. Right away, he can tell Bad and Sapnap are going easy on him. They’re not taking him seriously, but *Dream*... Dream doesn’t give George a single inch of room. George is hit a couple times by Dream because he had stopped to make planks, but the boost from the punches propels him forwards, leaving him far ahead of his pursuers.

Suddenly, he spots it: a ruined portal. He giggles gleefully, unable to hide his excitement from his good luck, and quickly opens the exposed chest. Grab the iron nuggets, the golden sword, the flint and steel—

Dream gets a hit on him, having caught up, but George brings out his sword and he quickly backs away. George isn’t much of a fighter, more of an escapist, so he goes back to running. He analyzes his surroundings quickly, sizing up all his escape routes. He has wood in his inventory, so already, he has a *huge* advantage in vertical freedom. In this forest biome, he can either try to jump a ravine, climb the treetops, or boat himself through a river.

George knows instantly what he wants to do.

“He’s heading up the trees!” Dream shouts. He immediately follows George up, with Sapnap standing guard on the ground. Bad is nowhere to be seen, but he probably wasn’t too far behind collecting materials.

George runs across trees until he finds his oh-so prized ravine. And he’s ecstatic at the sight of it, because waiting inside it was something *a hundred times better* than a water pool.

“What! *George!* ”

“What?” Bad yells, “What’s happening?”

“He jumped into the ravine,” Dream explains, “I’m following him—”

“Dream,” Sapnap had shouted, “*what the hell—!*”

George uses his sword to quickly break the cobweb he had landed into. What happened next seemed to occur in slow motion. Dream was falling right onto George, swinging his arm, but in a second he had landed on the same ground as George and, without the cobweb to slow his fall, he disappeared into a poof of sparkles.

>Dream fell from a high place

“DREAMMM WHY DID YOU JUMP?”

Dream sputters. “There was a *cobweb*, Sapnap! I *could’ve made it*, but George *destroyed it—*”

“WHAT?! ” Bad screams, “DREAM DIED??”

“YES, I DID, I’m coming back now, *don’t* let George get away!”

“George, how did you *survive* that jump?” Sapnap asks incredulously.

George giggles, knowing he’ll be free to chill for a while, especially when he’s surrounded by an abundant amount of wood and minecart chests. “I saw the planks sticking out of the wall,” George explains, “so I knew there was a mineshaft.”

“DREAM, HOW DID YOU LET GEORGE KILL YOU?!”

“*Bad*, if you were *there* you’d know exactly what happened wasn’t *my fault!* ”

“You’re too *reckless*, Dream,” Sapnap argues, “You shouldn’t have *jumped into a ravine* just because George did.”

“There *was a COBWEB!!* ”

George gleefully explores the mineshaft, finding a vein of iron fairly quickly. He knows Sapnap doesn’t have any materials on him, so he’d be unable to follow George until either Bad caught up or he tried to collect some blocks on his own. Bad might be near, but Dream was all the way back at spawn (and honestly, Dream had been the only player George had genuinely been afraid of). At this rate, he could probably smelt a fair share of iron before needing to run again.

This manhunt had only just started, but it was already beginning to look pretty good for George.

Chapter End Notes

Just your everyday minecraft manhunt :)

Imp

Chapter Summary

“Where’s my trophy for winning?”

“Okay, okay, here’s your trophy,” Sapnap answers with surprising obedience, and George laughs.

“Sapnap, that’s a crappy color for a trophy.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Imp.

“I CAN’T BELIEVE WE FUCKING LOST.”

“LANGUAGE!”

“OH MY GOD.”

George is giggling like a madman. That had been *so* much fun. There were *so many* close calls, but the anxiety was the most *thrilling* thing George had ever experienced. He had been knocked down to half a heart by Dream like probably *three times*, but somehow he’d always managed to scrape by with a quick getaway tactic. In the nether he used a hoe to gather stacks of nether wart to stall his pursuers, in the overworld he managed to run hundreds of blocks by riding an incredibly fast horse, and he defeated the ender dragon at the second stronghold by placing down end crystals and exploding her head right off. (Yes, he was reusing his old ideas, but granted none of his friends seemed to remember what he *had* done before, he figured it’d be a shame *not* to reuse them.)

“I didn’t know the muffin was even *capable* of this!” Bad exclaims.

“I…” Sapnap sounds frustrated. “I can’t believe we *lost*.”

“I *told* you I’ve always been this good,” George responds smugly. “None of you *believed* me.”

Sapnap tries to chase him down now that the game has ended, but George manages to nimbly jump away again. “Stop *moving* George, and let me *hit you!*”

“Hm, why? Because you weren’t able to hit me even once during the whole manhunt?” George cackles at his joke while Sapnap growls, only getting hit once Sapnap’s activated creative mode to fly around. What a cheater.

“This is UNBELIEVABLE,” Bad groans.

“Where’s my trophy for winning?” George teases smugly, still high off his win.

“Okay, okay, here’s your trophy,” Sapnap answers with surprising obedience. He starts to place down green wool in the shape of a trophy base, and George laughs.

“*Sapnap*, that’s a *crappy* color for a trophy.”

“Oh, darn!” Sapnap chuckles, “You can tell it’s not yellow, George?”

George pauses, narrows his eyes. “Um... what do you mean?”

“Well, usually you can’t tell the difference between yellow and green.” Sapnap says it like it’s obvious, continuing his green masterpiece without a pause, but once again George is just *confused*. The high of his win is wearing off again, as he realizes he’s probably messed up “his character”, *again*.

But even still, he has to ask, “What do you *mean* I can’t tell the difference?” George hits the green wool pointedly, “This is *green*. What is there to be confused about?”

“Because you can *tell* it’s green,” Bad answers this time, sounding just as confused as George. “You usually wouldn’t be able to.”

George feels like his friends are purposefully leaving out a fact. A very *obvious* fact, just dangling in front of his face. But he still doesn’t get it. “Why *wouldn’t* I be able to?”

He can almost hear the eye roll from Sapnap’s mic. “Because you’re *colorblind* George, are you stupid?”

George blinks once. Twice. “*Huuuh?* ” He frowns, “I’m... I’m not *colorblind*.”

A thick, uncomfortable silence spreads throughout the teamspeak, until Bad interrupts it. “...WHAT. George, say that again?”

“I’m...” George hesitates. Why is everyone so *weird* about this? “I’m not colorblind?”

“What do you *mean* you’re not colorblind?!” Sapnap exclaims. “Your eyes just suddenly *cured* themselves?”

“Ah! Are you wearing colorblind glasses?” Bad guesses.

“*No* , I’m *not*.” George suddenly realizes Dream hasn’t spoken for a while. A *long* while. He’s been silent ever since George beat the ender dragon. “Hey, Dream? Are you there?”

“Oh, um... yeah, yeah.”

“Why are you so quiet?” He doubts it’s because Dream’s ego was hurt from losing some game. From what George has learned about Dream from his videos, he’s aware that Dream is a competitive person, but he doesn’t seem like the kind of person to get salty over a loss.

“Yeah, Dream! Are you *hearing* George right now?” Sapnap shouts. “He says his colorblindness is *gone*! Hey George, look at these two blocks,” Sapnap’s character puts down two wool blocks, “what colors are they?”

“The left one is green, right one is yellow,” George says instantly.

“*Oh my god.*”

“Hey, hey!” Bad inserts, “What about between these two?”

Two more blocks are put down. “Left one is blue, right one is purple,” George raises an eyebrow. “Guys I’m telling you, I’m *not* colorblind.”

“What is GOING ON,” Sapnap yells.

“DREAM,” Bad calls, “Why aren’t you *saying anything*—”

“I’m *thinking*,” Dream snaps, sounding a hint annoyed. “And yes, I’m as shocked as you guys, okay? But I’m trying to *figure this out*, and you two *yelling all the time* isn’t *helping*.”

An awkward pause. “Um, okay,” Sapnap relents. “Mind telling us what you’re *thinking* of then?”

Dream hesitates. “You guys agree that George is different, right? At least, ever since that livestream?”

“Well, yes,” Sapnap agrees. “He’s... he’s *not colorblind anymore*, for one.”

“And he’s *really good* at playing speedrunner in the manhunt,” Bad supplies.

“And he’s forgotten most of the things he should remember,” Dream adds. “So, I’ve been thinking... George is *too* different. Is he...”

A pause. “Is he *what*,” Bad prompts.

“Is he... even the same George?”

The moment George heard the suggestion, he felt it resonate within him. Not the same George. A *different* George. He feels himself sitting up straighter, considering the possibility. Just the concept was so confusing and hard to wrap his head around but, if George *really* thought about it, thought about how different everyone’s memories were compared to his...

“What do you *mean*? ” Sapnap had questioned.

“I get it,” George cuts in suddenly.

“D-do you?” Dream sounds surprised.

“I think I get it,” George repeats. “I get what Dream means. I feel *different*, from what you guys describe me to be. I *am* different. The George in those videos, I don’t... I don’t relate to him at all. He isn’t *me*.”

“What?” Bad sounds lost. “How can he *not* be you?”

“We’re nothing alike,” George decides. “You guys listed the differences yourself. What if... what if I’m *not* your guys’ George?”

“Uhh... how would that even be *possible*? ” Sapnap opposes, “You’re literally *him*.”

“Wait,” Dream interrupts. He sounds so... *hopeful*. “I think you’re onto something, George. Keep explaining what you’re thinking.”

“I just...” George looks down at his hands, looks back onto the screen. “If my memories don’t match up with you guys, it might not be because I *forgot*. I *think* I... my memories, they’re... they’re *real*. I didn’t make them up.”

“...How?” Bad speaks slowly, like he understands, but just has a hard time believing it. Even

George has a hard time believing it.

“I think it’s pretty obvious now,” Dream concludes. “The George we’re talking to now is *not* the same George we know. This George... is an impostor taking his place.”

Chapter End Notes

I have a fun little thing to add: There was this [hilarious video](#) I found after writing this chapter that I thought fit really well with what I was going for... (I swear I wrote this chapter before he posted his vid haha, it's just a coincidence!)

Also, gotta love how it took me 8 chapters to reveal what the "imp" at the beginning of the chapters were for... this is gonna be a long ride xD (Also, cookies to those of you that guessed it right away! Among Us just really do be in our blood by now...)

Alt

Chapter Summary

George: made it to MA

GoodBoyHalo: Nice! You'll find the muffin soon, I believe in you!

George: muffin...?

GoodBoyHalo: idk just trying it out lol

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Alter

So, George feels pretty stupid now.

To think that he had prepared so much, considering every step and choice along his journey, only to get stopped now by an oversight? George hadn't even *considered* that Dream wouldn't be living at home. He had assumed too much would stay the same.

George has returned to his hotel room now, and was already booking tickets to Massachusetts. Dream's mom had very kindly offered George all the information he needed, including the location of Dream's college and his contact information. (There was some fibbing required on George's part, like "reuniting with a long-lost friend" or some bull like that, but it overall went well.) When she offered to leave a message for Clay about George's visit, he had adamantly refused, claiming he had intentions on giving his "friend" a surprise visit.

George can hardly believe this day's gone to waste, but he's not *completely* pessimistic yet. He figures it could've gone a lot worse. At least he's confirmed Dream's existence. And he still had clues, and to him, that was enough to keep him charging forwards. It definitely helped that his sort-of friends were cheering him on too.

George had time. This was only a minor setback. If he took this step by step, he would eventually find Dream for sure.



Alter

So... George's earlier luck was starting to look like a fluke.

He's had to undergo *way* too many security checks surrounding the foreign usage of his bank account. (It probably had something to do with the unsurmountable money he was withdrawing in such a short period of time.) Twice, his flights were delayed for stupid, weather-related reasons. And because he had traversed the Orlando airport with ease, he had put himself under the impression that american airports weren't that bad. And it had been a *false* impression, because George is quickly realizing he has completely underestimated the complexity of the Boston airport. It took him *ages* to get out of that hell hole.

So yeah... things weren't looking *great*. But at least George had made it to Massachusetts. He's going to try to be positive about this.

George: made it to MA

Sappitus Nappitus: come visit us next, loser

GoodBoyHalo: Nice! You'll find the muffin soon, I believe in you!

George: muffin...?

GoodBoyHalo: idk just trying it out lol

GoodBoyHalo: it's funny

Sappitus Nappitus: also, unbelievable that your 'Dream' dude is real

George can't believe it either. Though his hopes had been crushed a few days previous, it's rising back up again as he approaches ever closer to his destination. Dream was now *so close*... George's heart beats with anticipation.

Because it's only a little after noon, George thinks it'd be a waste to wait out the day like he did in Florida. He does book himself a hotel room nearby, but he has plans on visiting Dream's university first. He kind of wants to scout out the place and get a feel for what he's getting himself into.

But, George should've known better. It was naive of him to think his luck would suddenly turn around, because the traffic in Boston is *atrocious*: cars left and right, completely filling the streets. It probably had something to with an airport being so close by, but George isn't sure. All he knows is that it's going to take him forever to get to his destination.

He feels kind of sorry, asking for his uber driver to change destinations. George can *count*. And because he knows that traffic will only get *more* congested in the afternoon, he is *not* keen on waiting another unbelievable number of hours just to get back to the hotel he reserved. At this rate, it'd be smarter to head back now and go tomorrow, early in the morning.

George sighs. Another day of meeting Dream pushed back. But it was only a delay, George reminds himself. He can be patient.

So he gets back to his hotel room early and has no idea what to do. He still all his notes from the last few days, so there's nothing *more* for him to fuss over, unless he wants to give himself a headache. George supposes he can check in with Wilbur to make sure his cat is okay. Maybe he can even take a break and play some minecraft...?

Yes, George had brought his computer with him. If there was ever a time to play minecraft with his friends, what better time was there than now, where his and his friends' time zones were actually more matched up? George sends a quick text asking Sappnap and Bad if they want to voicecall, and soon they're all online.

“Yo George!” Sapnap greets. “Have you met Dream yet?”

“No, the traffic was really bad, so I’m planning on going to his university tomorrow.”

“Shucks,” Bad responds. “Do you think you’ll be able to find him?”

“I don’t even know how I’ll *look* for him,” George admits. “I might know where his general location is, but to actually *find* him in that location... I just, I dunno.”

“There’s not going to be an easy way to go about it,” Sapnap agrees. “You can’t just go to student services asking to see a particular student. And they’re not obligated to give you information about any of their students either.”

“I... I’ll figure it out later,” George had dismissed. Thinking about it just made him unreasonably worried. “Let’s just play minecraft now. That’s why we’re all here, right?”

So they mess around a server, laughing and yelling at each other, making fun of George’s skill when they kill him over and over. Having suffered so many defeats from their own George, it was apparently satisfying enough for them to defeat the copy version. George thinks they’re stupid. But he has a lot of fun, because although they’re not his *original* friends, they’re basically the same. Very similar. George likes familiarity, when all he’s been surrounded by in the past few days was new things.

George eventually calls it a night and goes to bed, head buzzing with unthought-of worries. He wakes early the next day, calls himself another uber, and goes on his way to Dream’s university. The traffic conditions are much better, as he had hoped. Sooner than expected, he has arrived at his destination.

George is filled with a new sense of daunting as he sees the university buildings in front of him, looming over him like a large shadow. Because... this place is just so *big*. Dream could be *anywhere*. George doesn’t even know where to start.

As he walks around the campus to explore the premises, he notices a few other students who are also awake and about. George compares himself to those students, and figures he blends in pretty well. In any case, he didn’t look all that suspicious. Maybe when he met Dream, he could pass himself off as a student too. Though, that would probably just lead to a whole pit of lies and end up backstabbing him. Maybe he shouldn’t do that after all.

Well, if worst came to worst, he could try calling Dream. But that would be his last resort. He really didn’t want to have to explain how he got Dream’s number.

Just as George is walking past the structure he’s deemed to be the ‘computer science’ building, he hears some faraway hushed whispers:

“Oh my god... isn’t that... *George*? Yeah, him! Hey wait, GEORGE!”

Wait... that VOICE. George turns, mouth agape as he sees a boy running at him from halfway across the campus, wildly waving his arms. He has a huge idiotic smile on his face. The boy screeches to a stop in front of him. “You’re... *George*, right? Oh my god, I-I’m such a *huge* fan!”

George can’t believe his goddamn eyes. Because standing right in front of him, a towering giraffe of a human, is Dream.

rEEEEEEEE

Chapter Summary

“Are you, um, at least doing okay?”

George would normally say he’s doing pretty shit, granted he’s in another universe and has no idea how to get back to his.

But right now? He feels great. Better than ever.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Alter

“Drea—” George had started, but he stopped himself just in time. His heart is going a mile a minute, and he’s having such a hard time finding his words. “Uhm... yeah, I’m him.”

George doesn’t even need to fake his smile. It’s *Dream* right in front of him, wearing his *iconic hoodie* of all things. Taller than godzilla, blonde hair, freckles sprinkled across his face. And those yellow eyes that everyone keeps telling him are green. After crossing an ocean, learning he had made a huge oversight, and buying himself a second goddamn ticket, George had *finally* made it. *Dream is right in front of him.*

George can’t believe his luck, that he didn’t even need to search for him. He can’t believe that *Dream ran right to him.*

“I-I can’t believe you’re right here in front of me!” Dream gushes, looking absolutely ecstatic. And, wow, George didn’t realize until now, but he’s *really* missed hearing Dream’s voice. “George, I’ve been one of your oldest fans ever since you first started out, I just *love* your videos, *so much*. I just... oh my god.” He puts a hand on his forehead, his eyes wide, “I can’t believe this is happening right now. It’s such a pleasure to meet you man.”

And after the initial shock of seeing Dream had settled down, it was replaced with a different kind of shock, because *wow*. Dream was George’s fan? That makes George feel all different sorts of pleased and confused. “Um, that’s... that’s cool,” George manages to say, somehow. His mouth feels so heavy, he’s surprised he managed to say *anything*.

“Can I—?”

But George had missed the visual cue and, assuming that Dream had wanted a picture, he answered without thinking, “Yes.”

And then he was suddenly launched into a hug by the taller boy, completely enveloped in his warm embrace. And oh... *oh*. The Dream in his world was kind of affectionate too, so he shouldn’t be

that surprised, but... still. George feebly lets his arms circle Dream too. This was unexpected, and now George felt stupid for not understanding what Dream was asking, but he's weirdly... happy. Hopeful. He's got Dream back now.

Dream was right here.

"Oh! I didn't even introduce myself," Dream backs off, looking apologetic. "Sorry for just springing myself on you. I'm sure you meet tons of fans like this all the time..."

"N-no, um, it's okay," George reassures. "You're fine. Er, what's your name?"

Dream offers him a thankful smile. It's a smile that's nice to look at. "Clay."

"Oh, well, it's nice to meet you Clay," George replies. It feels so *awkward* having to pretend he doesn't know Dream. But in a way, he reminds himself that he *doesn't*. His Dream and this world's Clay... they were different people. "What are you studying here?"

"Oh, computer science," Clay replies, lighting up at the question. "Y-you actually inspired me to learn coding, George. You got me interested in learning how to make plug-ins, you're just... such a *huge* inspiration to me. And so many others. I wanted to thank you for having such a positive influence on so many people's lives."

"*Oh*," George blinks. *This* is a surprise. Because yes, George has had his fair share of fans say things like this to him, but to hear it coming from *Dream*? He wanted to feel pleased about this, but even he was aware that all credit completely went to his other self. "Um, yeah, no... problem?"

"But George, what brings you to Massachusetts? What are you *doing* here?"

I'm here for you, George's brain supplies, but of course he can't say that. But George had *no idea* what the hell to say. He's on vacation? Visiting a relative? But fuck, there were no good excuses for how he got himself standing in the middle of a random university.

At George's blank expression, Clay quickly adds, "Oh, you don't have to tell me! Just, if you don't mind answering."

"Yeah, um, I'd rather not say." At least he doesn't need to lie.

"Oh, okay, that's alright." Clay laughs a little disbelievingly. "Are you, um, at least doing okay?"

George would normally say he's doing pretty shit, granted he's in another universe and has no idea how to get back to his. But right now? He feels great. Better than ever. "Yeah, I'm fine. Why do you ask?"

"On your last livestream, you..." Clay pauses, seeming uncertain about pushing the topic.

George realizes immediately what Clay is talking about. "Oh, that, um..." George racks his head for an excuse. "Yeah, I just had a bad dream, and it was on my mind the whole day. But I'm fine now."

Clay looks relieved by that, even if he doesn't appear to completely believe George's reasoning. "Well, that's good to hear. I... thank you for stopping to talk to me, seriously. This is such an amazing opportunity, I-I'm so glad I was able to meet you in person, George."

"Oh," George frowns, recognizing that line. It's the sentence fans usually use to indicate that they're willing to leave, and normally, George would be quite relieved to hear that. Interacting with

fans could be *exhausting* at times. But right now, the *last* thing he wanted was for Dream to walk away. “Do you need to be somewhere?”

Clay hesitates, seeming confused about George’s question. “Uh, not really. My next class is a couple hours later.”

George has to tell himself to be brave. *He’s* not even the fan talking to the popular youtuber here, so what was there to be nervous about? “I don’t have anything planned for today, so,” here goes nothing... “doyoumaybewannahangout?”

Clay blinks at him. “What?”

“Would you...” George gulps, inwardly face-palming over the fact that he needs to repeat himself, “maybe, uhm, like to hangout? Before your next class?”

Clay lights up like a christmas tree. “R-really?”

“Yeah,” George answers, suddenly feeling a need to explain himself, “I’ve never been here before, so I guess I’m kind of lost, and it’s nice to find a fan and I think it’d be cool if I had someone to talk to while I’m here so—” George stops himself, realizing he sounds like a fucking idiot. “Yeah,” he ends lamely.

Clay wheezes a little and George’s heart beats wildly at the sound of it. *Oh my god, it’s Dream!!!* his head keeps yelling at him. *It’s actually fucking him!!!*

“Sure, I’m up for it. I know a really neat cafe two blocks away from here. Would you, er, like to go there?”

“Okay,” George nods, “I’d like that.”

As they walk there, George tries to make conversation about what Clay finds interesting about his channel. Which, of course, he quickly realizes is a mistake, granted he doesn’t *know* all that much about his videos. All he can do is nod at Clay’s praises, pretending to know what he’s talking about. When asked to present his thought processes for certain maneuvers, George thinks back to those DreamXD analysis videos and copies Dream’s answers.

God, George really needs to go home and study up on his channel after this.

Somehow, he’s able to veer it away to coding instead, which turns out to be a much better topic to discuss. Clay keeps suggesting plug-in ideas for George to use, and George realizes that they’re ideas Dream has used in *his* world. This was Dream, no doubt about it. George can’t believe how much he misses this — just them two talking about minecraft together.

They finally make it to the cafe, and after only taking one step in, George’s jaw falls wide open. “Oh my *god*,” he mouths. “It’s a CAT CAFE.”

Clay chuckles next to him, clearly pleased with George’s reaction. “We both have cats, so, I figured you’d like it.”

“I *love* it,” George replies honestly, bursting into an uwu at the sight of a grey cat rubbing his leg. “Oh my god, he looks *just like* Luca.”

“Oh, that one looks like Patches!” Clay points to another cat seated on a chair, then starts to explain, “She’s my cat—”

“Oh it doe—” *Wait. Fuck.* George isn’t supposed to know what Patches looks like. He feels his face growing pink with embarrassment. *Please don’t notice my slip-up,* he begs silently, *please just ignore what I said.*

“You want to grab a coffee?”

George shrinks in relief, mentally berating himself. God, he needs to watch himself, be more careful. He let his guard down because Dream was so much like... well, *Dream*, but. In the end, they were *not* the same people. And it was George’s job to figure out how to work around that.

“Y-yeah,” he nods, “let’s go.”

Chapter End Notes

From this point onwards, I'll be distinguishing them like this: "Dream" is the original, and "Clay" is the non-famous one.

Alsooooo a quick plug, but in celebration of Halloween, I've just posted a fic called "The Right Decision" and it's going to be a combination of mcyt and Among Us, if you're interested in checking that out :)

Anyways, tysm for reading! Your comments on the last chapter were great, I feel PUMPED xDDD

Imp

Chapter Summary

George isn't sure what's wrong, but he feels... disappointed? Maybe... a little hurt?

Why were they so quick to want to replace him? When he was clearly the better George?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



“So what do we do now?”

“What do you mean?” George blinks at Bad’s question.

“We need to get our George back,” Dream answers right away. “Obviously.”

“Yeah, this is too weird,” Sapnap agrees. “We have to figure out where our George went.”

“Hey, imposter,” Bad starts, “Do you have any idea how this might have happened?”

George isn't sure what's wrong, but he feels... disappointed? Maybe... a little hurt? He *knows* what the George in those youtube videos is like. He's a screaming coward, and owns minecraft skills several levels underneath his own. That other George doesn't even have a channel nearly as successful as his, and if the clues were anything to go by, he was apparently *colorblind* as well.

Then, why were they so quick to want to replace him? When he was *clearly* the *better* George? Why were they so *insistent* on getting... that loser back?

“I don't know,” George eventually manages, swallowing the sour taste in his mouth. Whatever. It's not like he wanted to stay in this world anyway, with such a measly channel and stupid channel name. “I don't remember anything strange happening.”

“You're not *lying* right?” Sapnap asks. “You're not like, his long-lost twin that suddenly came back to steal George's reputation or something—”

“*No*,” George grumbles, annoyed that *he* was now being sussed. “No, *your* George isn't here. I'm the only one living in this apartment.”

“So...” Sapnap deduces, “you've *taken over* our George's body—”

“No,” Dream immediately denies. “If that were the case, he'd be color-blind too. But clearly, he's not. The impostor's a separate person from George.”

“Oh!” Bad exclaims. “I get it, that makes sense. But if the one with us now isn’t him... then where *is* our George? And how did he get *replaced*?”

George suddenly stands, after connecting the dots and making a realization. “What if... what if he replaced *me*?”

“...Whaaat?”

“I have my own world too, you know. A world where I have a great channel and seven million subs, remember? Your George has probably taken my place.” It was the most obvious conclusion. George sinks back into his chair, feeling a mix of annoyance and relief. “There’s no way he can pull off the way I play minecraft, but he might damage my reputation...”

“And there’s no Dream in your world?” Bad asks to confirm. “He just... doesn’t exist?”

“Yeah.”

“Your world is so *weird*,” Sapnap comments disbelievingly.

“Ha... ha...” Dream chuckles disbelievingly. George can hear the worry even behind his light-hearted tone. “God, he’s not going to take that well, is he? George... he’ll be so confused without me around.”

Again, George feels that prickle of discomfort. Is it... envy? George has long realized since the beginning of this conversation that the Sapnap and Bad speaking to him right now aren’t his real friends. They would be back in his world, interacting with their own impostor. He wonders if they miss him as much as these friends miss this world’s George. He wonders if they’re fighting to get him back as well.

He kind of hopes they are. Now that he knows he’s not at home, he misses them more than ever.

“Yo impostor,” Sapnap starts, “How do we send you back?”

“Can you *stop* that,” George answers instead.

“Huh? Stop what?”

“Stop calling me impostor. I have a *name*,” George growls.

“Yeah, but it’s confusing to use the same name for both Georges,” Dream explains. “This way is easier for all of us to understand who we’re talking about.”

George wants to complain more, but... these aren’t his friends. Why would they listen to him, when they could listen to *Dream*? “Fine,” he relents, though not happy about it in the least. “To answer your question Sapnap, I don’t *know* how to go back. If I knew, I would’ve *gone* already.”

“I think we need to figure out what *caused* the switch,” Dream deduces. “If we can find that out, it might be the same procedure to switch you guys back.”

“So impostor,” Sapnap continues, “What did you do before you came here?”

“Why do you instantly assume it’s something *I* did?” George defies. “Because I’ll say right now, I didn’t *do* anything. Maybe *your* George is to blame!”

“We’re just looking for clues,” Dream sighs, like he’s talking to a child. “We’re not blaming you. We’re just trying to get the full picture.”

George wants to fight back and stand for his honor, but something about the way Dream talks... maybe it's his upset tone, or the concern that had appeared ever since he realized *their* George was gone. George doesn't know why he doesn't fight back. Hearing Dream, he just... lost the heart to.

"I didn't do anything," he eventually replies, thinking back to his last day before that livestream. It had been a typical day of playing minecraft with his friends, and feeling superior every time he killed them. "The whole of last week was... very normal. Nothing I can think of was out of the ordinary."

"So we have no clues," Bad sighs, sounding disappointed.

"Where do we *go* from here?" Sapnap groans. "We don't have any leads."

"But it doesn't mean we're at a dead end," Dream persists. "Imp George, tell us more about your world. It's the only thing we have to work with, and I think if we keep talking about it, we'll eventually *have* to find something."

"But... how will that *help*?"

"I don't know," Dream replies, so honestly that even George is surprised. "I don't know how it will help, but we can't give up here. George is *out* there. We need to be trying to do something and... I think pointing out differences between our worlds might be key. I don't know *what* it's a key to. But I want to follow my gut."

"I agree with Dream," Sapnap inserts. "We can't stop here. If there's more for us to find out, then we'll uncover all of it."

"If we muffins work together, we can *definitely* find *something*," Bad adds, sounding determined. George listens to this trio thinking in sync, and he's honestly a little in awe. Their same desire to rescue their George made them a coherent and clear-thinking team.

George finds it admirable, though... he's not exactly sure why. Maybe it was because, as a lone speedrunner, he was never part of "the *team*." In his world, the team was Sapnap, Bad, and Ant. George was a step above them. They were his friends, but he wasn't their *teammate*... if that made any sense.

Yet right in front of him, stood a team. Even the speedrunner of this world, Dream, was a part of it. And George was pleasantly surprised by that information. Maybe there was more to this group of friends than he had thought.

"Okay," he begins. "I'll... I'll say everything I know."

Chapter End Notes

a kind of uneventful chapter, but they gotta get over that initial confusion first =u=

Imp

Chapter Summary

“What do you think about me?”

George isn’t sure what to say.

“I... I think you’re okay.”

Chapter Notes

uwu chevy lyric reference in the summary, because I simp for that song—

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



George talked for a while. It went on so long to the point where both Sapnap and Bad needed to leave. By the time night was falling for George, it was just him and Dream still left on the call, trying to piece together what little they knew.

“Your cat is still alive?!”

“Yes, Luca is alive,” George confirms. “I... was so shocked, when I thought my cat had died.” Thankfully, it had just been the other George’s cat. And well, he felt *bad* about it, sure. But *his* cat was alive, wasn’t he? That probably just meant the other George didn’t take good enough care of his Luca.

“So if George went to your world...” there’s a fondness in Dream’s voice, “He would’ve been able to reunite with Luca, huh?”

“Yeah, I guess so.”

Dream gives a satisfied hum at that. And well, George isn’t exactly annoyed, but... He’s quickly starting to realize that, with Dream, it was always either *George this* or *George that*. He thinks so much about the other George that it’s ridiculous. The two are obviously very close.

“You love him a lot, don’t you?”

The question seems to surprise Dream, based on the way he pauses. “Yeah, I... I do.”

“How long have you two been together?”

“*Oh.*” At that, Dream laughs. Actually *wheezes* a bit, as if he finds the suggestion hilarious. He sounds... stupid. “*No*, no, we’re... um, we’re not—” he interrupts himself with another small wheeze, “we’re not a couple.”

“Oh, okay.” George had figured as much, but he couldn’t help asking to make sure anyway. “...am I like him?”

“Like George?”

“Yeah.”

“No,” Dream answers. “You two are really different. I’m honestly annoyed with myself for not having realized you weren’t him sooner.”

George has to silently agree with him on that. It’s not just the minecraft skills that are different. The way they acted was just... so dissimilar. George likes to think he’s brave. He takes challenges head-on and never backs down from competition. But the other George was a whiner. He runs away when he’s teased, but when he fights back, he’s an annoying ass. And he screams a lot.

Frankly, George doesn’t understand what Dream *sees* in the other George. The guy literally had no redeeming qualities.

“What do you think about me?” George asks.

“I dunno,” Dream answers. “Haven’t known you all that long yet. I guess you’re an okay Minecraft player?”

“Just *okay*?” George snorts. “I *destroyed* you three in that manhunt.”

“Psh, we were going easy on you.”

“I doubt that,” George rolls his eyes, “but go ahead, believe whatever helps you sleep at night.”

Dream snickers. “Okay, well. I guess you’re bolder than the George I know. The reckless playstyle is usually my thing.”

“I realize,” George agrees.

“What do you think about me?” Dream turns the question back at him.

George isn’t sure what to say. So far, he’s gathered that Dream is a lot like him: quick-thinking, smart, serious. Because of their early misunderstanding about his not-so-amnesia, he’s also convinced himself that Dream was someone who was close to him. And that kind of messed with his head, so now he’s just not sure how many of his perceptions are his or ingrained.

“Your laugh is stupid,” he eventually says.

And Dream wheezes again, confirming George’s statement. “*Geooorge!*”

And... oh. George likes hearing his name. He thought he’d have to get used to being called impostor all the time now, so this was a pleasant change.

“I’m just kidding,” he chuckles. “I... I think you’re okay.”

“Just *okay*?” Dream mirrors.

“Oh my god, shut up.”

“I think I’m *at least a pretty awesome* .”

“Well, then maybe start *showing* some ‘*awesome*’ qualities, and I might change my mind.”

Dream returns to laughing his ass off, so George just sits in satisfaction listening to him. The wheezing wasn’t so bad, when he got used to it. He didn’t mind talking to Dream. Dream was... cool.

“Have you never shown your face online?” George blurts.

“Hm?” Dream prompts, quieting down. “Why? You curious about what I look like?”

“No,” George lies. “Just, I can’t find a picture of you anywhere. You really managed to avoid a face reveal at your level of fame?”

“I’m not *avoiding* anything,” Dream replies. “I just don’t really see the point. It’s not my thing, you know?”

George doesn’t understand it. How did this guy get so popular without *ever* using a facecam, not even *once* ? That sort of thing was important to fans — it helped them mentally identify the person they were supporting, and this in turn would strengthen their relationship into something tangible and real. But to imagine that someone like Dream accomplished that *without* that... was really something admirable.

Dream was really something.

“Does *anyone* know what you look like?” George asks, continuing their small talk.

“All my friends do,” Dream confirms. “Some from video calls, some from meeting in-person.”

“In-person...” George ponders, trying to connect the dots. “Where *do* you live?”

“Oh, Florida.”

“That’s in the US, right?”

“Yep.”

“So you, Sapnap, and Bad all live in america,” George concludes. “I’m guessing you’ve met them all in-person, right?”

“Um... no?”

George blinks in surprise. They were the friends closest to Dream, weren’t they? “But if you didn’t meet *them* in person, who...?”

Dream chuckles. “Aren’t you forgetting someone? George is my friend too.”

“*George?* ” It takes George a moment to realize he’s talking about the other George, but even then, his confusion doesn’t fade away. “I’m... he lives all the way in the *UK*, Dream.”

“So?”

“He flew across an ocean just to see you—?”

“Well, yes,” Dream laughs. He sounds so *happy* talking about George. “I paid for him though.”

“...*Why?* ”

“Hm? What do you mean? We’re friends.”

Do friends do that for each other? George wonders. He’s never flown himself to america before to see Sapnap, Bad, *or* Ant. He just never saw the point of doing it. It’d take too much time and money, plus, they talked online all the time anyway. It wasn’t so different from seeing them in-person.

George quickly spots the loophole though. “Aren’t Sapnap and Bad your friends too? Why haven’t you ever gone to see them?”

“Um...” Dream chuckles, and George thinks he hears a hint of nervousness. “George is a huge simp,” he jokes. “And my free time with the others just never matched up, I guess.”

And, well, George noticed right away that it was just an excuse. He’s seen enough of their behaviors by now to figure it out: the bantering on videos, the flirting on streams, the way Dream talked about the other George like he was his favorite subject. It was kind of stupid, how *obvious* Dream was. Did the other George ever notice this? Did the other George even *know*?

But George doesn’t mention a thing. This wasn’t his business, so why poke holes into their relationship? They could figure things out on their own. “Yeah, yeah,” he says. “Say, it’s getting late for me. I think I’m gonna head to bed.”

“Oh, alright. Well, it was nice talking to you, impostor~”

“Ugh. Goodbye,” George grumbles as he closes the voice call, feeling a prickle of annoyance worm its way into his chest.

...He had kind of wanted Dream to call him by his name again.

Chapter End Notes

I remember someone mentioning it before, asking "what about George's dog?" And well, to make it easier for myself, we'll just say he doesn't have one yet xD

Chapter Summary

“Hey cutie,” George coos. He hears Clay sputter, and he looks up in alarm. “Clay, are you okay...!?”

“U-uh, yeah.” His face is kind of red. George has never seen such a shade of color on Clay’s face before. “Just, hot coffee.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Alter

“You know, you’re more chill than I thought you’d be.”

“Huh?” George pauses mid-sip.

“U-um!” Clay raises his hands, looking embarrassed. “I mean, I’m not saying I *didn’t* think you’d be cool, but... you’re just a lot more reserved than I imagined. You’re calmer than you appear online, if you get what I mean...?”

Ohhh. George finally understood. This wasn’t a matter of online vs real persona. This was a subject of original George vs alter George. “Oh yeah,” George agrees, taking Clay’s misunderstanding as his way of explaining himself out. “I act a little differently on-camera than I do in real life.”

Clay nods, a little too eagerly, George thinks. It’s cute though. “That makes sense.”

George giggles as another cat jumps onto his lap. Man, cat cafes were the *best*. *Everywhere* he looks, there’s *cats*: lounging on couches, hidden in corners, trotting next to people. It was kitty paradise.

“Hey cutie,” George coos, scratching the head of the kitty in his lap. He hears Clay sputter, and he looks up in alarm. “Clay, are you okay...!?”

“U-uh, yeah. Just,” Clay gingerly sets his coffee down, flashing George a reassuring smile. “Hot coffee. Burned my tongue.”

“Oh,” George frowns, “okay. As long as you’re fine. It sounded like you spilled hot coffee all over yourself or something.”

“I’m not *that* clumsy,” Clay laughs. His face is kind of red. The coffee’s heat must’ve really surprised him. George is still kind of worried.

“Drink it slowly,” George cautions. “Be careful not to hurt yourself.”

“U-um, yeah.” The red has faded away into pink. It’s an interesting look on him. George has never seen such a shade of color on Clay’s face before. “Are you...?”

George snaps out of his trance. He hadn’t realized he was staring. “Um, what?”

Clay laughs at George’s baffled expression. “What’s your impression of Massachusetts so far?” He asks, a little shyly.

George groans. “The traffic is *awful*,” he grumbles.

“First time?” Clay chuckles.

“Yes. I didn’t think it’d be *that* bad, but I clearly underestimated it.” Realizing that he might as well feign ignorance for small talk, George asks, “Where are you from? I assume you weren’t originally from Massachusetts.”

“Oh, I’m from Florida,” Clay answers, propping his head up on an arm. “Orlando, if you know what that is. Where Disney World is, and all that stuff. You’ve probably heard of it.”

George nods. “That sounds familiar, yeah.”

“To be honest,” Clay shrugs, “the traffic there isn’t much better than here.”

“Actually, it—” *Fuck, wait.* George almost slipped up again. He probably shouldn’t reveal he’s been to Florida, unless he wants to explain himself out of another hole. “Really?” He says instead.

The two talk for a while longer, moving in and out of conversations related to minecraft and mundane things like weather. Here they were sitting right across from each other, sipping sweet coffee, and petting cute cats in a cozy little cafe. Everything was just... so *peaceful*. Sure, Clay was a little different from George’s Dream. He was slightly less boisterous, a bit more quiet, but it was probably because he was shy. They *were* strangers, after all. Even still, it was a total relief from those stress-inducing days George had been through recently. George couldn’t feel any more satisfied than he did right now.

But somewhere in the middle of an intense discussion about a cool plug-in idea, Clay checks the watch on his wrist and suddenly jumps. “Oh, shit.”

George raises his eyebrows, heart stuttering. “What?”

“I... I wasn’t paying attention to the time,” Clay admits sheepishly. “My next class starts in fifteen minutes. I have to go.”

George feels his heart sink. “Oh.”

But Clay smiles, looking happy. “Thanks so much for hanging out with me, George. I... I really enjoyed it. It’s just... it’s such an honor, that I was able to sit here with you and talk with you. It feels like a dream come true.”

The happiness quickly slinks away, and George is left floundering. Dream was leaving. George *just* found him, and already he was leaving, and George can’t *let* him. He *won’t*. “Y-yeah,” he starts, “um, you—”

“I have to run,” Clay frowns at his watch, starting to get up from his seat.

No. *No no no no no.* “W-wait.”

Clay pauses, seeming surprised by George's demand. "What?"

"I... I had a nice time too," George manages, stuttering as the word vomit is pushed out of his mouth, "you're a cool dude, so um, w-would you... like to hangout again... sometime?"

Clay's eyes widen. He appears shocked. "H-huh?"

George feels a little braver. "Let's hang out again," he repeats, more solidly this time.

"Ah—" Clay appears frozen. Multiple emotions flit across his face. "I... yeah. I'd... of course, I'd like that."

"I can give you my number," George offers, pulling out his phone. "Text me so I have yours too."

They exchange numbers, and George notices that Clay's hands shake throughout the trade. George kind of understands why. To Clay, he was an idol. For him to ask for such a personal request was definitely out-of-character for him, but George didn't care. He could *not* afford to let Dream slip away.

"Thank you so much," George finishes, "And, I'm sorry for keeping you. You should go now, if you don't want to be late."

Clay is grinning brightly, so much that it dazzles George. "No, I... thank *you*, George. Seriously, thank you so much."

"I'll see you soon?"

"See you soon," Clay nods, and then he's gone.

George sits back down, watches through the cafe's windows as Clay runs down the sidewalk. In a flash, he's disappeared from the window's view too. George lets out a breath he hadn't known he was holding. God, he did it. He actually fucking did it.

He found Dream, and they were going to meet again. Maybe soon.

George pulls out his phone, ready to tell his friends the good news. They were finally one step closer to discovering the truth of the body-swap. Now, they just had to work together to figure out their next plan of action.

Chapter End Notes

rly gives off the aura of an awkward first-date, if you know what immean—

Alt

Chapter Summary

“What I mean, Sapnap, is that making our dimensions more similar might erase the cause for the swap.”

“Like... some kind of ‘bringing balance back to the universe’ kind of shit?”

Chapter Notes

Eyy happy Halloween! Have a virtual candy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



Alter

“Why do so many people *know who I am*,” George complains.

Sapnap snickers over the voicecall. “George is *suffering from success* ~” he teases.

And Sapnap wasn’t wrong. George had *greatly* underestimated the fame of his other self. He’s not entirely certain why he was never recognized in Florida, but after Clay had left George to fare by himself, he’d been stopped by a *crowd* of people. Well, granted it wasn’t a *huge* crowd, but still. It was way more than George was ever used to.

It was as if they had all noticed George early on, but were too respectful to interrupt him while he was with someone else. The sudden rise of fans in the vicinity probably had something to do with him hanging out in a public area so close to a university full of college students around his age. George had to stop and greet numerous people, plastering on a fake smile as he denied their requests for pictures.

(God, but what if the other George *did* take pictures with his fans? George has *no* idea. He hopes he didn’t just fuck shit up.)

“But at least you got to meet *Dream!*” Bad cheers. “How did that go?”

“It was weird,” George confesses. “He’s... he doesn’t know who I am. Obviously. And it’s not his fault, but... it kind of hurts anyway.”

“Aw George...”

“Whatever, dude,” Sapnap interjects. “Your feelings are the least of our problems right now. We need to figure out what to do next, now that we’ve found the ‘*anomaly*’.”

“R-right,” George gulps. “We still have a huge issue on our hands. We should talk about that first.”

“Okay...” Bad mumbles, “So... what *is* the next step? What’s the plan?”

“Finding the anomaly was supposed to answer some questions,” Sapnap accuses. “But how are we any closer to finding the truth?”

“We... we *are* closer,” George retorts. He’s not entirely sure what they’re closer *to*, but. They were definitely getting *somewhere*. “So, here’s what I’ve been thinking. The biggest difference between our two dimensions is the presence of a single person, right?”

“*Is* it?” Sapnap cuts in.

“I think so,” George answers. “In my world, Dream was the bigger minecraft youtuber. If he’s not here then... I guess my other self just replaced him in that sphere. And that’s why our dimensions are nothing alike.”

“I get it,” Bad affirms.

“So...” George continues, “this may be a stretch, but, I already know the swap isn’t *my* fault. *Therefore*... it has to have been caused by *your* George.”

“...I don’t get it now,” Bad decides.

“Me neither,” Sapnap offers. “Alter, how are those two thoughts even *connected*? ”

“*Ugh*, it’s so hard to explain,” George groans with frustration. “Um, how to put this... we’re currently going to assume your George is the cause of the swap. The most likely *cause* for that swap will have to be something that’s different from my environment.”

“Why?”

“Because if we were exactly the same, *I* could’ve caused the swap. But I didn’t. Which means the cause is based on *something* your George has that I *don’t*... I think.” God, George was even confusing himself now.

“I’m still confused,” Bad admits. “How does this help us figure out what to do?”

“This is the way I look at it,” George summarizes, “The difference of our worlds caused the swap. Now we’re in each others’ shoes. Now... if I look for Dream and get to know him here, our worlds suddenly become more similar.”

“*Oh!* ” Bad seems to finally get it. “You mean...?”

“What? *Bad*, what does *he* mean?!”

“What I *mean*, Sapnap,” George continues, “is that making our dimensions more similar might erase the cause for the swap.”

Sapnap hums. “Like... some kind of ‘bringing balance back to the universe’ kind of shit?”

“Language,” George sighs. It felt like his responsibility to say, without his Bad here. George would do him proud in this dimension.

“But,” Bad starts, “is getting rid of the cause of the swap enough to *revert* the swap...?”

“No idea,” George answers honestly. “I just... this is *all* I can think of to try.”

“So the plan is... befriend Dream?” Sapnap summarizes. “In order to similarize the dimensions?”

George laughs. “Similarize isn’t a *word*, Sapnap.”

“*Whatever*. You know what I mean.”

“But we’re not telling Dream about the swapping?” Bad checks. “Can you pull off our George’s persona, Alter?”

“Even if I can’t, I can just pin the blame onto an online persona,” George answers. “I think it’s better not to tell Dream about it.”

“But...” Bad sounds hesitant, “Won’t it be confusing when you two *do* finally switch back? Dream will have no idea what’s going on.”

“Well... he doesn’t need to,” George decides. “However the situation unfolds is unrelated to me. It’ll be up to your George to figure out how much he wants to explain or deny.”

“George,” Sapnap suddenly begins, “you do *know* that the mess will be bigger than that, right?”

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t know exactly who you were in your world,” Sapnap replies, “But *our* George is insanely well-known. So for you to just stop streaming, fly to america, and hang out with a random dude in the body of *our* George... to any one of his fans, it’s super obvious that you’re sus.”

“Oh,” George realizes. “A lot of people did approach me today, but I didn’t let them take any pictures.”

A silent conversation seems to be going on between Sapnap and Bad. “Our George would usually accept those requests,” Bad eventually says, much to George’s chagrin, “*But*. I think you made the right call. We can *not* let the fans know why you’re in america.”

“Please try to avoid getting into a scandal,” Sapnap requests. George is worried that he can’t tell whether or not it’s a joke.

“Um... okay? I’ll try...”

“When are you going to meet up with Dream again?” Bad asks.

“He hasn’t texted me anything yet.”

A beat of silence. “Of *course* he hasn’t, you... you *muffin!*” Bad gives a tiny bout of laughter after the phrase, as if he still found the word funny. “George, think about it. You’re Dream’s *idol*. Of course he’s not going to be the first to reach out.”

“Oh,” George realizes. He feels like an idiot for not realizing it. He and Dream were always buddies, so it hadn’t even *occurred* to him that it wouldn’t be the same with the Clay here. “Yeah, I’m an idiot. Okay... I’ll,” he takes a deep breath, reaching for his phone, “I’ll text him first. What do I say?”

“Just ask him if he’s free to hangout sometime,” Bad leads George with his ideas. “Then plan it at a slightly more secluded location, to minimize the number of fans that’ll notice you.”

George's fingers hover over the letters. He types something in... then quickly deletes it, deeming it unsatisfactory. "I... I don't know how to start the conversation."

"Say '*when would you like to hangout again?*'" Bad offers.

"I can't just *ask* him to hangout right away," George debates. "Shouldn't I say hello or something first?"

Sapnap groans. "Oh my god, you're ridiculous. Our George *never* acts like this."

George isn't sure why, but he feels offended. "What do you mean? Like *what?*"

"Like an uncertain, wavering coward," Sapnap finishes. "Just go right out and do it, Alter. One dumb text isn't going to destroy the world."

"Okay, *okay*," George grumbles, retyping what he had previously inputted. "You don't have to be so *mean* about it." His thumb wavers over the send button again but, after recalling Sapnap's harsh words, he quickly taps it and the message gets sent. He lets out a sigh of relief. "I did it—"

—Only to jump as he gets a text back almost immediately. George stares at his phone in shock. Clay had *already* responded. What the fuck.

Dream *never* responded to his messages this fast.

"*Help*," George squeaks, his mind too muddled to process what he's seeing, as Bad and Sapnap both laugh at his reaction over the call. George is a little annoyed, but he also knows he's going to need their help. No more stalling for time.

It was time to plan another hangout with Clay.

Chapter End Notes

Time to plan their second date, if you know what I mean— xD

Just a chapter to kind of establish their goals. Gotta combine all their IQ to figure this bs out...

Imp

Chapter Summary

“Come to the UK and visit me.”

“Um... what? EXCUSE me?”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Impostor

“Come visit me.”

“...What?”

“Come to the UK and visit me,” George repeats.

“Um... *what*? Excuse me?” Dream laughs strangely, still sounding half-asleep. Did he just wake up or something? “What are you *talking* about?”

George honestly doesn’t know what he’s asking either. Even still, he continues, “Sapnap and Bad still have a hard time believing I’m not some evil twin. You should come and check to make sure I haven’t hidden and tied up the real George in a closet.”

Dream chuckles. “It’s fine. I believe you. Did you call me just to ask this?”

“There’s more to it than that,” George argues, feeling his face flare a little at Dream’s amused tone. “Since you’re clearly against showing me a picture of your face, the only other option is to see you in real life, right?”

Dream doesn’t speak for a moment. He’s clearly taken aback. “You’re joking, right?”

George smirks at Dream’s reaction. “Hm~ What if I’m not?”

“That’s a stupid reason for me to go all the way to the UK,” he deadpans.

“I have more to add,” George replies, crossing his arms. “You’re an interesting person, Dream. You don’t exist in my world, so I’m curious about you, naturally. I want to get to know you.” It’s not a lie. George *did* consider them legitimate reasons. Dream was a mysterious entity with mysterious values. He wanted to know more about the source of Dream’s success.

Another beat of confused silence. “*Whaaat. Why?* ”

George rolls his eyes. “I literally *just* explained why.”

"I just don't see the point."

George suddenly gets an idea. "But *Dreaaaaam~ Listen* to me, you should *come!*"

Dream sputters. "Geor— Impostor," he sighs, "don't."

George smiles innocently. "Hm, what? What did I do?"

"It's already bad enough you two share the same voice. Don't go copying his mannerisms too, it... it messes with my head."

"Is that supposed to make me stop?" George hums smugly, "No one said I was going to fight fair."

"But I don't even *know* you," Dream sighs, sounding exasperated. "There's *no reason* for me to come, and you know it."

"Doubtful," George replies, taking on the other George's tone again: "Do you just *not* want to meet me, Dream~? I'm so *hurt*..."

"I said to STOP that," Dream snaps. "I'm *not* going."

George is surprised Dream hasn't crumpled to his reasoning yet. Most of the time, it took very little to convince other youtubers to do things for him. George supposes it has something to do with his lack of standing in *this* world. Such a measly two million subs (while it was certainly an admirable accomplishment) would not do very much against a person like Dream. George knows this, seeing how much the other George gets pushed around by Dream's taunts and surprise hits.

But Dream forgets that he *isn't talking to George*. He's talking to an *impostor*. And lack of this realization was something he would regret.

"I'm going to *make* you come," George huffs. At this point, it had become less of a suggestion and more of a personal challenge. This was a standoff between two large minecraft youtubers, and George wanted to *win*.

"There's no way you can," Dream replies dismissively. "What are you going to do? *Pay* for my plane ticket?"

"In fact, I *will*," George grins. "I'm also going to start a ship war on twitter, make up a story about how you broke a promise, and pit the fans against your refusal to come visit me." At Dream's disturbed silence, George continues, "I've *done* my research, Dream. I know what kind of relationship you two have. Don't think I won't use that to my advantage."

"You wouldn't *actually* do that," Dream responds, but George can hear his nervousness.

"Try me," George snorts. "Of course, you can choose not to believe me, and risk stirring up a whole lot of unnecessary drama. Or, you can just admit defeat now, and come visit me. It's an easy decision."

"You're *blackmailing* me to come with George's reputation," Dream growls.

"I'm *helpfully* offering reasons for you to come," George denies. He's not actually sure if he'd really follow through with his claims, but. That wasn't the point. The point had been to convince Dream he was *not* like the other George. And because of that, he could very well do anything and not be ashamed of it.

“I... this is so stupid.”

George can already detect Dream’s hint of defeat. Now, to fire the last bit of ammunition: “And, you can be next to me when George comes back. Don’t you think that would be better than yelling at him over a screen? Be the first person to greet him when he returns, Dream.”

Dream hesitates. He’s clearly mulling things over. “I have one condition.”

George knew: he had already won. “What?”

“Let’s agree to not mention this anywhere online. *No drama.*”

George snickers, surprised that was what Dream was most worried about. “You got it, Dreamie.”

Dream grumbles on the other side of the call. “You’re *so* annoying. I guess in that aspect, you’re just like George after all.”

“How *rude*,” George fake gasps. “I’m the *nicest* person I know.”

George can almost hear the eyebrow raise through the receiver. “Uh-huh.” Dream clearly isn’t up to banter, because he doesn’t retort anything back. “Well, you better keep your word. You’re paying for my fli—” Dream pauses. “Wait a second. You’re... you’d have to use...”

George grins. “Too late, Dream! You already agreed to the deal, so you can’t go back on it now~”

“You’re using *George’s* money!” Dream exclaims.

“And am I not him?” George chuckles, clicking through his bank account just to check his credentials. Yup, same password and everything. There’s a lot less in his account than George expected, but he figures he can work with this.

“You’re not him.”

“The bank doesn’t know that,” George hums. “You can’t stop me from buying the tickets. And you wouldn’t want to put George’s money to waste, would you~?”

“What the hell.” Dream sighs dramatically on the other side of the call. “Oh my *god*.”

George giggles. “What?”

“I—” another groan. George hears a slapping sound very resemblant to a face-palm. “Okay, *fine*. There’s no point in arguing with you, is there? Just buy the stupid tickets.”

“Yeah, I will!”

“Fucking great,” Dream mumbles. “Are we done here now?”

“Aw Dream, you don’t want to talk to me more—” the call ends. Dream had hung up. George stares at his phone for a thick second before doubling into laughter.

God, teasing Dream was just so *fun*.

This meet-up seems quite rushed from a realistic stand-point, buuuuut let's be real here, we all thought Dream was capable of flying all the way to the UK during a goddamn pandemic just to meet up with some friends for a day, so xD

Imp

Chapter Summary

“Wow, that’s rude, pretty boy.”

“Wh-WHAT.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

[_____]
-
[_____]

Impostor

Snapmap: what is this I hear about Dream going to the UK??

George smirks as he reads the new texts from Ssnap. Dream must’ve finally told his friends about the reason for his unavailability to play minecraft. His flight was actually going to land soon, because George bought the earliest tickets imaginable and forced him to take them. It was expensive as hell, but annoying Dream had become his new past-time, so he figured the other George wouldn’t mind contributing to the cause. Probably.

Snapmap: when did you even get the chance to have this conversation??

George: way before YOU were awake

Snapmap: wait... in the morning?

Snapmap: how??? Dream ignores all calls while he’s sleeping

Snapmap: unless it’s..

The typing indicator disappears. George pauses, wondering why Ssnap had stopped his explanation. He waits a couple seconds, but still nothing.

George: unless WHAT

Snapmap: nothing

Snapmap: let me come too!!

George: nah

George rolls his eyes, and decides he doesn’t care enough to dig the answers out of Ssnap. He gets another message from someone else.

Dream: why did you buy first class with man

George cocks a grin. He's not exactly sure what it is he's feeling. Excitement? That was probably it. No one knows what Dream looks like, so George feels like he's being let in on a secret between a close circle of friends. Not that he deserves it, really... but he's not complaining.

George: enjoy the ride~

Dream: seriously, stop wasting George's money.

Dream: if you want to keep spending, use mine instead

George scratches his head, a prickle of annoyance worming in his chest again. Dream's constant insistence on not harming George, on not bothering George, on complaining about George *not* being George... it was starting to get irritating. Who cared about the other George? The George here right now was *him*. Surely, Dream could see there was nothing anyone could do about it?

But George realizes he's being a bit too self-centered. This world didn't revolve around him, after all. It revolved around *Dream*. George's world was waiting for him, waiting to revolve around him. He just had to get back.

He kind of wonders how he forgot about that.

George: we have to figure out how to get me back to my world

Dream doesn't respond. George waits for a couple minutes, but there's still nothing. He shrugs it off and repockets his phone, thinking Dream must be getting off the plane or something.

George's eyes scan the area, attentively watching as passengers leave the airport's doors. He knows what he needs to look for. A quick online search had confirmed Dream's attributes: dirty blonde hair, tall as hell, and green eyes. It was a mix George doubted he would find on anyone else.

And he had been right. Standing out like a sore thumb, a foot taller than everyone around him, was Dream. George is surprised he isn't wearing green. (George had probably looked at too many fanarts, and now he had a preconceived notion that Dream only wore green hoodies.)

Just in case he's wrong though, George doesn't say anything. He waits for Dream's eyes to make contact with him, and when he starts to make a beeline over, George knows he's located the right person.

"Hey Dream!" George greets, unable to keep away his smug grin. So *this* is what Dream looked like. Like, every average Floridan, but maybe a little cuter. George can't believe he got Dream to come to the UK after all. Perhaps it was just a secret ability of all Georges, to be capable of convincing Dream to do things he normally wouldn't.

Dream makes a strange expression. His freckled cheeks (wait freckles? George hadn't been prepared for *that*) scrunch up in a mix of relief and annoyance. Paired with his height, it's kind of intimidating. "Hey... impostor."

Oh. Dream's voice is, surprisingly, nicer than it sounds over voice call. George rolls his eyes, helping Dream get his suitcase into the trunk. "Seriously, can't you just call me by my real name even *once*?"

Dream gives a tired smile at that. "Mm, I don't want to."

George looks into Dream's eyes. Huh, green eyes looked different in reality than in fanarts —

they're a little bit greyer. "Well, why *don't* you want to?"

"S confusing," Dream answers. He sounds tired. There's very little of his usual bantering attitude. For a second, George is worried that he may have been too harsh on Dream. George shouldn't have tried so hard to annoy him.

"You must've had a long flight," George eventually says. "C'mon, get in the car."

Dream obliges, but he's mostly quiet. It seems like he's trying very hard not to look at George. And, well, it doesn't take George a lot of brain-power to figure out why. There was no way looking at him wouldn't cause Dream to think of *his* George, and that would probably just make him all sad or whatever.

Even still, George feels irritation buzzing under his fingers as he turns the wheel. The car jerks to a stop in front of a stop light. "Sorry," George apologizes.

"You're a shit driver," Dream laughs.

"Worse than the other George?" George asks instantly. He quickly realizes it might be an insensitive question, regarding their circumstances and all, but Dream doesn't seem to mind too much.

"He's better than *you*."

Temporary relief settles over him. "Wow, that's rude, pretty boy."

Dream jolts next to him. "Wh-*what*."

The car is still stopped, so George allows himself to glance over. Dream looks shocked. He also seems to regret establishing eye contact, but he holds his stance, as if challenging George to point him out on his odd behavior.

"I can see why you hide yourself from the internet now," George shrugs, releasing the brake as the light turns back to green. "You're protecting a pretty face."

"You're joking," Dream scoffs.

"Do I sound like I am?" George huffs, amused by Dream's overreaction. "Just making an observation. It's factual."

Dream doesn't seem to know how to respond. "Don't say things like that," he whispers.

"What? Facts?"

George sees Dream's wince through the rearview mirror. "...It's not fair." George waits for Dream to say more. Hearing Dream go so quiet makes him feel more patient than he usually would be. "It's... not fair to say it like that."

"Like *what*, Dream."

"Like you mean it," Dream growls. "You're using George's voice to say it, and it's too serious. It's unfair."

George chuckles at the irony. "Really? When *you're* the one with an unfair voice?"

"What?" Confusion laces Dream's tone.

George frowns at himself. What... did he just say? He's confused too. "Nevermind," he grumbles, "Let's just move on."

Dream seems more than happy to do just that, so they leave the confusion behind them and pretend it never happened.

Chapter End Notes

Very vague reference in here to the fic "Sleepy Dream" where Dream only answers calls in the morning if it's George calling him (yes, it's canon in my mind now~)

Chapter Summary

Clay's face blossoms pink. That sort of thing never happens in real life, but here Clay was, blushing like a cherry blossom.

His cheeks were such a pretty color.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



“Hey,” George greets.

“H-hi.” Clay’s smile is blinding. George faintly realizes that he had dressed up. Not fancy or anything, but he had obviously put some thought into his outfit, straying from the usual hoodie. *He looks nice*, George thinks.

“Thanks for coming out to meet me. I’m sorry if I may have, um, pulled you out of something important.” George sheepishly touches the back of his own neck. “I know you’re in school and all —”

“N-no, no, we agreed on the time together, didn’t we?” Clay waves his hands around reassuringly. “I picked a time that was most convenient for me, so you don’t have to worry about me.”

“But if there’s any way for me to make it up to you, feel free to say,” George offers. The two start walking up the steps to the Museum of Fine Arts. It was a location his friends had agreed would be an alright place to hang out: quiet, secluded, visited by people of a wide range of ages. It was public, sure, but the likelihood of people raising a fuss over George was greatly diminished.

“You’re not inconveniencing me... I *wanted* to come,” Clay insists.

“Oh, um.” George smiles. “Thanks for joining me, then. Have you ever been here before?”

“No,” Clay admits. “I haven’t explored Boston all that much yet.”

On the outside, the museum looks tall and intimidating. It’s therefore no surprise to see how wide and spacious it is inside. Their feet create echoes on the floor made of shiny marble. Despite the apparent popularity of the museum, there aren’t that many people around. George had made a good pick.

George heads to the front desk and tries to shoulder the entrance cost for both of them, but Clay adamantly refuses.

“How can I make it up to you if you won’t let me pay for you?” George frowns.

“You can do it a different way.”

“Ok...how?”

“I’ll... tell you when I think of it,” Clay snickers.

George lightly punches Clay’s arm, and when Clay freezes, he wonders if he messed up. But the other retaliates a second later, playfully pushing George too. George breathes a sigh of relief, laughing at the exchange. This was familiar. This he could do.

They tread down the wide halls, passing by multiple display cases and golden-framed paintings. And, well... they’re *nice* art pieces, sure. George isn’t going to discredit the work these artists put into their masterpieces and all, but... this was pretty boring. Why did he agree to this idea again? What was there even to *do*?

“I got it,” Clay interrupts the silence. George is glad he did. The quiet air had begun to feel awkward and stifling.

“Got what?”

“What you can do to, um, repay... me...” Clay sounds awkward as he says it, as if he can’t quite register his own words. “If you’re up for it! I mean, you don’t have to do anything that makes you uncomfortable...”

“How bad can it be?” George shrugs, secretly enamoured by Clay’s shy behavior. The Dream he knew *never* acted like this. “Throw your request at me.”

“Um...” he hesitates. “I just want to ask some questions. Because, like, I guess you don’t share a lot about your private life, so... as a fan, there’s a lot of things I’m curious about.”

“Oh.” George had expected something more than that, with the way Clay was acting. Maybe the question would be really personal, or something...? “Just ask away. I can decide whether to answer after hearing the question,” George replies. He says it mostly to protect himself in case he *doesn’t* know an answer, but Clay doesn’t need to know that.

“Okay, so um...” Clay chuckles nervously. “Have you, uh, ever been... in a relationship?”

“Nope,” George answers so quickly, he almost forgets he’s supposed to be the other George but... oh well. It probably applied to both of them anyway. “Never dated.”

“Ah.”

“What about you? Ever had a girlfriend?” George blurts. Shit. He hadn’t meant to ask that. “Um,” he finds himself stuttering, remembering how Dream had broken up with his own girlfriend, “You don’t have to answer—”

“It’s okay,” Clay replies, laughing a little. “Um, well. Not a *girlfriend*. Er, what I mean is...” he scratches the back of his head sheepishly. “I’m *kind of* more interested in, uh, finding a *boyfriend*, haha...”

George stops in his tracks, his brain processes coming to a sudden halt. “...What?”

Clay’s eyes widen. “Oh, does that...? I’m sorry, if that makes you uncomfortable—”

“N-no,” George quickly denies, internally face-palming. *God*, he’s so *stupid*. He hadn’t meant to react like he was homophobic. “No, I was just um... *surprised*.”

“Oh, o-okay...” Clay looks embarrassed, for having revealed his secret or misinterpreted George’s response, he can’t tell. “I’m guessing you’re straight then, huh?”

George’s breath catches in his throat. The easy answer is on the tip of his tongue. The one he always gives when he’s asked, because he couldn’t afford to consider the other option. The one he’s always believed in... even if he didn’t know himself if it was the right one.

But this time, he doesn’t say it. Maybe it’s because the Clay facing him isn’t the same as his Dream. Maybe because his brain had short-circuited from the shock, and now he couldn’t think clearly. Either way, George couldn’t answer the same way in this scenario. He didn’t care if he was *supposed* to be acting as the other George, because right now, he was *him*.

“...I don’t know,” is George’s answer.

Clay’s eyebrows shoot up, and this time it’s his turn to stop in his tracks. “You... huh?”

“I don’t know,” George repeats. “I say I’m straight, people tell me I’m straight, but... I don’t know. I’m not sure if it’s right.”

Clay stares at him, as if he’s become a new person. “I... huh. I’d be lying if I say I’m not surprised.”

“How did you know?” George asks, feeling weird that he’s asking *Clay* of all people (and not even the original one) for answers to these things, “When you found out you were attracted to guys?”

And... well, what happens next, George is pretty sure he imagined, because Clay’s face blossoms pink. That sort of thing *never* happens in real life, but here Clay was, blushing like a cherry blossom. His cheeks were such a pretty color.

“U-um... I don’t know. One day I just knew, I guess.”

“Sorry,” George says. He realizes his question must’ve put Clay on the spot, which is why he became so embarrassed. “I just... I don’t know. I thought maybe there’d be an easier way to find out, other than just suddenly *knowing*, you know?”

Clay nods, speaking quietly, “It’s... not easy. Nothing about it is easy.”

George’s insides mellow out a bit, seeing how somber Clay has become. “Clay, let’s get out of here.” At Clay’s surprised look, he laughs. “This museum is boring as hell — I’m sorry for dragging you here. Let’s go find somewhere else to hang, if you want to...”

Clay grins. Happiness is a much better look on him. “Yeah,” he nods, “let’s go.”

Chapter End Notes

well, that conversation sure isn't going to be ending there—

Alt

Chapter Summary

George looks at Clay for a response, and he jolts a little with surprise. FUCK, he forgot Clay looked just like Dream.

George is literally a fucking idiot.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



“Where should we go?”

“I have *no* idea.”

“I could drive us around,” Clay offers, showing his keys, “And we can stop when we see something interesting?”

George wishes he could offer to drive too, but unfortunately for him, he came here through public transport. “Alright,” he agrees, if only because walking around in public was literally just *asking* for people to see him.

Clay chuckles, and at George’s questioning stare, he explains, “George, are you really just going to trust me? What if I kidnap you?”

“You wouldn’t.”

“You can’t *know* that,” Clay shrugs, a smile still on his face. “You... you shouldn’t just blindly trust everyone that’s your fan, George. I mean, I’m *not* going to kidnap you, but... there’s dangerous people out there that would.”

I trust you, is what George wants to say, but he’s not sure if it’s too fast. This is really only their second day meeting, and saying something like that would probably be too out-of-the-blue. “I... yeah, I guess so. I’ll keep that in mind.”

Traffic is bad, as usual. The good news is that, this time, they don’t have a destination in mind. Clay mindlessly drives, his fingers tapping the wheel. George kind of wants to bring up the conversation they just had in the museum again, but he doesn’t know how to do it without sounding awkward.

Thankfully, Clay speaks up for him, seeming to have noticed George’s agitation. “Do you... want to talk? About it? You don’t have to, of course...”

George does a short intake of breath. This was it. This was where he could finally open up, to a stranger of another dimension who knew nothing of his situation and could be an impartial judge. Clay was by far the safest person to talk to, and George would be a fool not to take this chance.

“I... yeah. I want to figure myself out. But, I don’t know where to start.”

“You sure? I’m... I mean, you don’t have to share it with *me*, I’m not a qualified therapist or anything...” Clay chuckles, but George has no plans to back down.

“Yes, I’m sure. I think... I’m ready now, to talk about it. P-please.”

Clay hums. He sounds just as nervous as George, for some reason. “Okay, well... Let’s start with a source? Do you know if there’s something that caused the confusion?”

“Yes.”

“Okay... is it a person?”

“...yes.”

Clay seems to be puzzling it over, biting his bottom lip. “What do you think about this person?”

George is grateful Clay is carrying him through this. “They’re um, *he’s* really... he’s my best friend. And well, he can be annoying at times but... he’s an amazing person. He’s always supported me in everything, always had my back, shared my burdens and just...” George sighs. “He’s so confident. All the time. I don’t know how he does it. He looks at the world like it’s a challenge for him, and I dunno, I just... I admire him a lot.”

Clay nods. His fingers have stopped tapping the wheel. “What do you *feel* when you see the person?”

George lets out a long breath, picturing Dream’s face. “I... I feel scared. There’s this *prickling* sensation I can’t quite explain, it’s like... like stinging? In my chest.” George touches his front, as if trying to locate the source. “When I talk to him, I get really happy, but the happiness hurts me and... I just don’t get it. I don’t... I don’t like the stinging, I guess, which is probably why I try not to think about it.”

George looks at Clay for a response, and he jolts a little with surprise. *Fuck*, he forgot Clay looked just like Dream. A light blush spreads to the tip of his ears at his mistake. He almost thought Clay *was* Dream, and it had given him a mini-heart attack. George is literally a fucking idiot.

“...let’s get off here.”

George is momentarily surprised at Clay’s sudden topic change. “Huh? Where are we?”

“Christopher Columbus Park,” Clay answers. He must’ve seen a sign or something. George doesn’t think it sounds like a bad idea.

“Okay, sounds good.”

Clay finds them a parking spot and they exit the vehicle. In front of George is a large plain of grass, bordered on the edge by a lake of water. A cobblestone path for walking winds through the center of the grass fields. There’s a surprising lack of people here as well.

“It’s a nice view. We should’ve just come here first,” George comments dryly, and Clay chuckles.

“Not your fault,” Clay compromises. “We, uh, both don’t know what we’re doing.”

George perks up at the sight of an interesting structure. “Look at that!” He points, already making his way over. It’s a white archway covered in vegetation, trees and vines climbing up the sides of the pillars to create a shaded canopy over the roof of the arch.

“It’s pretty,” Clay admits, having trailed after George. He seems more comfortable talking to George now, so George is happy about that. The two stand side-by-side, staring up at the golden leaves. Every once in a while, the wind rustles the plants and light filters through them, shining prettily.

“They’re the same color as your hoodie from last time,” George laughs, looking over at Clay for a moment, and he does a double-take. The archway is pretty, sure, but Clay is... Clay looks pretty too. Shadows and light flitting across freckled cheeks makes George’s heart do that... that stupid *stinging* thing again.

George isn’t quite sure how to explain it, or why it’s important to explain it. Dream is *beautiful* to George, and Clay was... well, he was always nice to look at. But that was about it. Even if they were the same person, how George felt about each individual changed the way he looked at them, if that made sense.

But now when he looks at Clay, he momentarily forgets he’s not Dream. He thought, just for a second, that they were the same person. And it messed with his head. It really did.

But it also helped him recognize his feelings too. Which was kind of super weird, granted he had to use Clay to figure out his feelings for his dimensional counterpart. Though, this whole situation was just super weird in itself already, so George doesn’t think there’s much to complain about.

“I think I like him.”

The words send a roaring epiphany crashing through George, like oceanic waves washing away his doubts. Suddenly the stinging has gone away, only to be replaced by a faint buzz.

Clay tilts his head at George. His eyes are wavering a bit. “You figured it out?”

George nods. His mind is clearer. “I’m... I’m still straight. But I like him.”

Clay laughs, but it sounds strange. “You like him a lot, don’t you?”

George smiles shyly. “Thanks for helping me out, even though we haven’t known each other all that long.” George recalls how well Clay had led him through the questions, as if he knew exactly what to ask to get George to trace his steps. “Did something similar happen to you?”

Clay’s eyes slowly move away. His throat bobs, indicating a swallow. “Yeah, something like that.”

George is happy to hear that. He hopes the Clay of this world finds someone for him too. “A special someone also caught your eye?”

Clay seems... he seems somber all over again. “Yeah,” he agrees quietly, “Someone special.”

confused sputtering

(also huge reference here to "Bees and Butterflies" series by kumibladder, I can't stress enough how much those fics shaped my view of this ship, it's just permanently etched into my brain as canon now lmao)

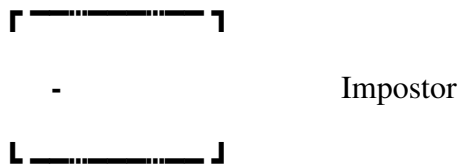
Imp

Chapter Summary

Dream has a nice voice.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Dream has a nice voice.

George has to admit, he found it annoying at first. Dream had a *loud* voice. Louder than George's, which was really saying something. It's snarkish and too confident. Dream's wheezes were too dramatic and his exclamations too boisterous. From thoroughly studying his videos to figure out who Dream was, George had formed an opinion of Dream's voice early-on: that it was irritating and displeasing.

But, um... that changed pretty quick.

In-person, Dream is quieter. He says less, and talks at a normal volume. George isn't sure if it's because Dream feels weird around being around an impostor-George specifically, but it's a change that occurred nonetheless. With the lowered decibel, George could hear... more. Better.

Because Dream's voice was nice. His baritone words sounded like hums, reverberating in George's chest. It became genuine and lacked its usual joking tone. In the morning, his voice became even lower. George likes Dream's morning voice. He kind of wants Dream to sing in the mornings, just to hear what it's like, just once.

But when he asks, Dream just laughs at him and waves his request off. George likes Dream's laugh too. George supposes the whole wheezing thing was unique to Dream or whatever, but George liked the gentle laughs more. They're the ones that are quieter, more breathy than vocal.

It was super weird. George hadn't been attracted to another guy since highschool. Sure, he had friends, but he didn't see them like *that*. Bad just wasn't his type, and Sapnap was just his buddy. Maybe it was because George had known them for forever, and it felt weird to imagine himself engaging in romantic acts with someone who's been his friend for ages.

But yeah, George admits it. Dream is attractive. In more ways than one.

But their first couple days living together was... awkward, to say the least. Dream originally had plans on living somewhere separate, but George had insisted on letting him stay over, and now that was the plan. Dream wasn't unhappy about it, but he wasn't *ecstatic* either. He spent a lot of his time mooching around on the couch, ignoring George whenever he could, and just looking... *sad*. *All the fucking time*.

Forget figuring out a way to get home — there was no way George could depend on having *any* sort of productive conversation with Dream like this. Such a rocky relationship was getting them nowhere, so he took it upon himself to figure out a way to get Dream to stop being a mooney-ass.

“Dream, let’s play minecraft.”

Dream looks up from his phone, for probably the first time in a couple hours now. “What?”

“You heard me,” George replies, gently tugging on Dream’s hood. “You brought your computer, right? Let’s play in my room.”

“George...” Dream sighs, and George feels his palms tingle when Dream doesn’t use the word ‘imposter’, “I don’t really feel like—”

“Well *I* feel like it,” George huffs. “And I need someone to play with me, so get up and come join me.”

Dream frowns, but at least he sets down his phone. “Why don’t you go ask Sapnap or Bad...?”

“They’re both busy,” George lies. He actually has no idea if they’re busy, but he’s not going to give Dream a reason to back out now. “Come on, hurry up.”

“Okaaay, I’m coming.”

They shuffle to George’s desk, grab Dream a chair, and start booting up minecraft on their respective devices. “What do you want to do?”

“What do *I* want to do?” Dream repeats, incredulously. “*You’re* the one that wants to play.”

“Wow, so it’s a *crime* to respect opinions now?” George rolls his eyes. “Let’s just do a manhunt, then.”

“Are you planning on recording?”

“*No*,” George sighs. “I’d give myself away too easily. You *know* the other George’s playstyle doesn’t match mine.”

“Just making sure,” Dream shrugs, joining George’s minecraft world. George still thinks Dream’s skin looks stupid, but at least he gets why it looks the way it does now. “I’ll be the speedrunner.”

George scoffs. “Oh yeah, probably because you know you can’t beat me if it’s the other way around.” Dream tries to hit him with his fist, but George moves his character out of the way. “*Dream, stop*. We haven’t even started yet!”

Dream snickers and, proving George wrong, actually starts running. “We’re starting now!~”

“Oh my god,” George snorts, giving chase to the green man, “I’m *going* to kill you.”

George is more of a speedrunner than a hunter, so without the help of Bad and Sapnap, he figures he’s at a bit of a disadvantage. He’s right on Dream’s tail though, so that’s nice. While Dream picks sweet berries and quickly runs off, George takes a second to stop and actually grab a few of the bushes left behind. The pause gave Dream enough time to harvest a piece of wood, and that was all George let him have before they resumed their chase through the forest.

“*C’mere, George!*” Dream, passing a lava pool in the new desert biome, had tried to push George into it. But George had guessed Dream would do such a thing, and the moment Dream had turned,

he had moved out of the way and hit Dream in the direction of the pool instead.

Unfortunately, Dream doesn't fall in. Seeming to realize this tactic won't work, Dream quickly goes running off again. "What was that play, Dream?"

"Oh, shut up."

Dream rushes into another forest biome, disappearing down a giant ravine. George rushes to the edge, quickly gauging what's waiting for him below, watching as Dream's character flies straight towards a puddle of naturally-spawned water. Normally, George would *not* have jumped after Dream in this scenario. But... he has an idea, so he leaps.

As George expected, the moment Dream lands in the water, he begins to place down the wooden planks he had collected earlier. The water cushion is quickly blocked off, but little did Dream know, George *wasn't* heading for the water, but rather towards an extremely odd patch of dirt blocks near it. George whips out a sweet berry bush and, with a precise click, lands in the thorny shrub.

"WHAT. HOW ARE YOU STILL ALIVE?!"

George giggles, using his fist to get a few punches in. "I've *watched* your videos, Dream. Reusing your tactics won't work."

"Oh my *god*," Dream groans, fleeing down the length of the ravine, "That was so *lucky* for you, what the *hell*." He's quickly met with a dead-end and, not having any blocks on him to help him escape, he turns to George to fight.

Having expected this, George was prepared yet again. He quickly places down more of the berry bushes he had collected, forming a scattered array for defense. When Dream runs at him, George hits Dream into the bushes, comboing in some free damage.

"OH MY GOD these bushes are SO ANNOYING."

Dream manages to loop around George and escape the berry bush area, but at this point, George figures he's pretty close to winning. His health might be about halfway down from Dream's hits here and there, but Dream *had* to be low. He was so close.

"You are *so* dead."

Dream doesn't reply. He's quietly concentrating, George guesses. He's pretty sure Dream wouldn't risk turning around now, when his health is so precariously low.

So it shocks him when Dream's character suddenly swerves around, landing a hit with his fist and disappearing through George's character. George jumps and turns his character but... there's nothing. His character is getting hit over and over again, like an invisible force is attacking him, but no matter how much George turns he just can't *see* Dream *anywhere*.

"*What the fu—*" George can *hear* Dream spamming his spacebar, and see the occasional glint of Dream's green skin, but... "Why can't I HIT you?!"

Dream cackles madly, and feeling panicked from his rapidly vanishing hearts, George had tried to run in order to get away from Dream's *stupid* play. It had seemed like the right decision then, but George was quickly proven wrong. With his back turned, all Dream needed to do was land a blow and—

“NOOOOOOOOO!”

“Yes, YES!” Dream wheezes in success as George’s *Game Over* screen appears.

“That was RIDICULOUS,” George shouts as he respawns, secretly impressed but mostly annoyed.
“What the FUCK.”

“You got COMBOED George!” Dream is still wheezing, sounding more and more like a teapot as time goes on, “I TOTALLY GOT YOU.”

George’s heart is beating fast. He attributes it to the panic he had just felt. “Watch out, Dream. I’m going to *get* you, I swear...”

Dream’s laughs die down, but he’s still chuckling to himself. Normally, George would hate to be bested at minecraft, but... this was *Dream* he was talking about, a player around his level. He could let him off the hook, just this once.

At least Dream wasn’t so mopey anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Slowly but surely, we're shrinking down the # of oblivious idiots...

Imp

Chapter Summary

“You don’t know my actual skill level, so you can’t prove otherwise.”

“Psh, but why would you do that? Do you like me or something?”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Impostor

“WOOOOOO YESSSSSSSSSSS!”

“UGH, oh my GOD.” George buries his head in his hands, not so different from how an ostrich buries its head in the sand, to deny the truth before him. “FUCKING HELL.”

Dream cackles triumphantly. The ender dragon had already exploded into purple rays, and the win was his. “That was EASY. *E. Z.* ” He does several fist pumps in the air, and George rolls his eyes. (Dream’s excitement was kind of cute though.)

“I swear I was *this close* to beating you,” George grumbles. “You were just lucky as hell! How did you find so many *diamonds?!* ”

Dream is still laughing. “Just admit that I’m the better minecraft player—”

“*Actually,*” George interrupts, “I won a *3v1* manhunt against you guys. So number-wise, *no*, you’re not.”

“*Oh*, and *next* you’re going to say you were *going easy on me.*”

“Well, maybe I *did*,” George crosses his arms. “You don’t know my actual skill level, so you can’t prove otherwise.”

Dream snickers. “Psh, but why would you do that? Do you *like* me or something?”

“Well, yes,” George blurts.

Silence settles over them. Dream looks at George like he’s grown a second head. “What?” He sounds shocked.

George hadn’t meant to say that. But... eh, he decides he *might as well* own up to it. “Yeah, I like you.”

“Like,” a grimace falls over Dream’s face, “do you *like* me, or do you *like like* me?”

It's amusing how shocked Dream is, so that gives George the boost of confidence he needs. "The latter."

Dream laughs hollowly. He looks... hm. George doesn't know how to explain it. There are too many emotions flitting across his face for him to be sure. George can't tear his eyes away. "Okay, that's *funny*, impostor."

And, okay, now this was just insulting. "You don't believe me."

That makes Dream go quiet again. "You *aren't* joking?"

"I'm not."

Dream's mouth opens and closes, like a gaping fish. "But... why would you just *spring* that on me, out of *nowhere*?!"

Dream was such an idiot sometimes. "You *asked* me, remember?"

"I..." Dream sounds strangled. "It was a *joke*."

"I can tell," George frowns, turning back to his computer. It wasn't like he had expected a confession back or anything, but what he hadn't expected was for Dream to get all defensive and rude. George was ready for this conversation to be over.

"...why?"

George looks over his shoulder. "Why what?"

"If you... *like* me," Dream can barely get the words out, as if he still has a hard time believing them, "*why* do you...?"

George shrugs. "People can get crushes, can't they? I think you're attractive." At Dream's bewildered expression, George extrapolates, "attractive face, attractive skills. I don't know. I just like you."

"...You're gay."

"*That's* what's bothering you the most?" George smirks at that. "Yes, I am. So what? I like who I like, what does it matter to you?"

"It matters to me if you like *me*."

Hm... fair enough. "Yeah," George affirms, "I'm attracted to guys."

"Have you always...?"

"Yup."

Dream launches into silence, no doubt deep in thought. His eyes are also averted again, landing on everything *except* George. He's refusing to look George's way, and George knows why. He's thinking about the *other* George. *Again*.

George sighs, rolling his eyes. "The other George is so lucky."

His words seem to bring Dream out of his mulling. "Excuse me?"

“He’s your best friend, isn’t he?” George shrugs. “You two play minecraft, record together, talk to each other all the time. Every moment of his life, he gets to spend with you. His position would grant him the highest chance of success, if he tried to ask you out.”

Dream’s brows narrow. “George... he isn’t... he doesn’t like guys like that.”

“And you’re *so sure* because...?”

“Because he’s *straight*, obviously. He said so himself.”

“Could be a lie.”

Dream’s shoulders are rigid with stress. “Why would he *lie* about that?!”

“Because he thinks *you’re* straight,” George replies easily. “He doesn’t want you to think he’s coming onto you.”

The words register a second later, and Dream snaps his head in George’s direction. “...he *thinks* I am...?”

George pulls on a smug grin at that. “You’re not straight, are you Dream?”

Dream looks away again, a pained expression on his face. “I’m... I like girls.”

“*And* guys,” George adds helpfully. “You’re bisexual.”

“No, I’m not.”

“Oh, that’s *funny*,” George mocks Dream from earlier. “But I don’t think so.”

Dream’s lips press into a thin line. “I... how would you even... how do you *know* that. How can you sound so sure?”

It had honestly just been a hunch, but based off Dream’s reaction, George knew he had hit the mark completely. “You’re obvious as fuck,” is George’s answer. “Anyone can see you’ve got the hots for your best friend.”

“I do *not*,” Dream denies instantly. His forehead is resting in his hands now. Add *that* to the list of methods Dream had contrived to avoid eye contact. “...I don’t believe it. George isn’t... he *isn’t* gay.”

“He doesn’t have to be *gay*,” George rolls his eyes. “He could be bisexual too.”

“You *know* what I mean,” Dream snorts. “George isn’t *bisexual*, or attracted to guys, or *whatever*. He just doesn’t *act* like that.”

“Uh-huh,” George rolls his eyes, “And endermen like water.”

“You two aren’t the same,” Dream retorts, looking up from his hands. “You’re *not* George.”

Yeah, but I’m better than your George, is what he wants to say. “I’m *painfully* aware,” he sarcastically jokes instead.

“You’re not him. And you don’t know him as well as I do. He’s not... he’s not gay.”

“Well, *I* am,” George huffs. “Are you just going to ignore that? Does my existence mean *nothing* to

you?”

Dream stands up from his seat. “Just because I could like guys wouldn’t mean that I like *you*. Just... *ugh*.” Dream facepalms. “I... I can’t be here right now. You’re confusing me and... this is stupid. I need to think.” And with just a few strides, Dream has left the room.

George watches, his heart stuttering uncomfortably in his chest. He hadn’t expected Dream to be so *ignorant*. But he supposes it was expected, seeing how long the two friends have managed to avoid saying *anything* over the span of the few years of their friendship. This was why he had been so against saying anything, and now his big stupid mouth just *had* to intervene, and the result was that this was all becoming a big mess.

George takes out his frustrations by punching Dream’s minecraft character until he dies, but even as he disappears into sparkles, that isn’t enough to quell the boiling irritation prickling at his wrists.

Chapter End Notes

Maybe that could've gone down better—

Chapter Summary

He finally realized exactly why he had ignored his own feelings for so long.

And it was because he already knew: Dream couldn't like him back.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



“Something super *weird* is happening,” George confesses.

“What?” Sapnap sounds excited by that. “Are you tingling all over? Do you feel like you’re going to teleport back soon—?”

“No, not *that* weird,” George rolls his eyes. “It’s... about Clay.”

“Oh. You mean the Dream dude, right? What about him?”

“He’s... he’s doing something stupid that *Dream* does,” George answers, and before Sapnap can interrupt to launch into another stupid theory, George continues, “He’s taking ages to respond to my texts.”

“Um, well,” Bad starts, “he is a college student right? He’s probably just busy.”

“It’s been *twenty four hours*, Bad. I was left on read for a while, so I thought I would wait for him to reply later.” George had literally waited a whole day to be sure it wasn’t a coincidence before contacting his friends about it. His angsty fingers tap his leg, but it doesn’t subside his worry. “I think he’s purposely ignoring me, and I don’t know why.”

“Huh,” Sapnap remarks, “No wonder you sound like shit.”

“...excuse me?”

“Did you even get any sleep?” Sapnap continues, “Were you *worrying* over this for an *entire day*?”

Sapnap was right that George had barely gotten any sleep, but... his reasoning was wrong. George was worried about Clay, sure, but that had only been in the past few hours. For the last twenty four hours, his *self-confession* had actually been on his mind more than he expected.

Because now he knew he liked Dream, and he thought that would simplify things for him, but it *didn’t*. Because Dream had a girlfriend before, George *knew* his friend was straight. And struck with that realization, George had fallen into disrepair. He finally realized exactly *why* he had

ignored his own feelings for so long. And it was because he already knew: Dream couldn't like him back.

George was starting to wish he *hadn't* recognized his feelings. The stinging had momentarily stopped the day of the confession, but his bees only came back stronger now, as if the stragglers had been strengthened by a failed vaccine. His chest was filled with the buzzing of the insects, keeping him up all night, though he tried to fall asleep and forget himself.

"George...?"

George realizes that he had fallen silent. "Um, yeah," he lies, "That's why."

"Did something happen between the two of you?" Bad asks helpfully. "Is there any reason for him to be, um, possibly ignoring you?"

"No," George sighs. He's thought over their day countless times, but he can't pinpoint a single moment where Clay might've been uncomfortable. "There... isn't."

"Did you guys cover any sensitive topics?"

"Well... yeah, I guess so."

"Uhhh..." Sapnap laughs. "*Alter?* How does that *not* count as a reason?"

"Well, I— I *thought* we were on pretty good terms after our conversation..."

"Alter George," Bad sighs, "I don't mean to be *harsh* or anything, but... you can be *dense*... at times."

"...*Huh* ??"

"You're an *idiot*, Alter." George whines in protest, but Sapnap continues, "Let's be honest — you probably said something wrong without noticing. Knowing you, that'd make perfect sense."

George feels... well, *offended*, at first. "Are you *sure*?"

"Yes," Sapnap affirms. "You're the most oblivious idiot we've ever met."

But then George thinks about how long he's held back his feelings for Dream, and he can only quietly agree. "Okay, well... I have to get Clay to forgive me, for whatever it is that I've done. We can't... *be* like this, if we want to have any success at our plan."

"Okay, yeah," Bad sighs, "Text him to meet up with you again. Then apologize when you see each other in person, okay?"

"Okay," George feebly agrees, grabbing his phone. He hopes that, when directly confronted, Clay will answer him this time.

┌───────────┐

-

Alter

└───────────┘

"Hi."

“Hi,” Clay greets back. He *does* look happy to see George again, so that was something. “We’re back here again, huh?”

George smiles nervously. “Um, yeah.” It’s the cat cafe Clay brought him to on the first day they met. He knew it was risky to come back here, when so many fans bombarded him last time, but... “I liked it here, and er, I didn’t want to make you go out of your way to meet me again...”

“It’s fine,” Clay says, holding the door open for George. George blushes (he doesn’t know why he does, maybe because chivalry is supposed to be dead?) and enters. The bell tingles behind him as Clay follows him in.

“Wanna grab a coffee?”

“Not really.” Clay sounds tired.

“Hm...” George isn’t sure what to make of the response, but he shakes it off for now. “We can just sit on one of the couches then, and pet cats?”

Clay smiles at that. “Yeah, okay. I like the sound of that.”

They find themselves a seat, and sit side-by-side. A few curious cats quickly scurry over, as if magnetized to their presence. George giggles as one leaps into his lap, and he accidentally bumps shoulders with Clay. At the contact, George notices that Clay visibly *flinches*. He had quickly moved away then, scooching a couple centimeters away to put more space between them.

George sighs, realizing now is a good time to say something. “I... I’m sorry.”

Clay shrugs. “It’s okay.”

“N-no, not about bumping your shoulder—” George realizes how that sounds and quickly corrects himself, “I mean! I *am* sorry for bumping into you, but um, I’m *also* sorry... if I made you uncomfortable when we talked... from last time. In any way.”

Clay frowns then, looking confused. “I... did you? I didn’t feel uncomfortable.”

George blinks. Huh? Then Sapnap and Bad were wrong? “Then why were you ignoring me?”

“I—” Clay stops himself, looking down at the cat in his own lap to avoid George’s eyes. “I’m sorry about that. But um, I had a lot of things to think about. I guess... I was just confused?”

“Confused?”

“Yeah.”

“About... what?”

“Well,” Clay frowns, his large hands scratching his cat behind the ears. George momentarily wonders what it’d feel like for them to hold hands. “I don’t know. I just—” a second of hesitation. “I don’t know why you want to keep hanging out with me.”

George raises his eyebrows in realization. “Oh.”

“You don’t know me,” Clay continues, still refusing to look up. “I’m a complete stranger to you. And you don’t *like* me either. At least, not like... that. So, why?”

“I...” George gulps, racking his brain for excuses. “I like hanging out with you.”

Clay doesn't look like he quite believes the excuse. "There's something else that's been bothering me too. You said something weird last time, and I almost brushed it off, but..."

Now George is *very* confused. "I thought you said you weren't uncomfortable...?"

"It's not about that," Clay shakes his head. "George, what color was my hoodie the first day we met?"

"Green," George answers instantly. It was the go-to combo: Dream and green. But it takes him a second too late to realize he's made a mistake, judging by the look on Clay's face.

"That hoodie was *yellow*," Clay corrects, finally looking up. His eyes are hard. "George isn't colorblind, as far as I'm aware. So then, what does that make you? Who *are* you? And what do you want from me?"

Chapter End Notes

GEORGE SLIPPED UP—

Chapter Summary

“I know it’s going to sound crazy, but I... I’ll tell you the truth.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Alter

George knew then: he didn’t have a choice left. He had fucked up, left too many clues, stepped out of line. He hadn’t *known* the other George *wasn’t* colorblind. And even if he had, there was nothing he could’ve done to avoid sussing himself out.

And now Clay was making irrefutable points, and if he didn’t explain himself with the *truth*... George was going to lose him.

“I know it’s going to sound crazy,” George starts, his voice wobbling a little despite his determination. “But I... I’ll tell you the truth.”

Clay looks relieved by that. He crosses his arms and nods once to indicate he’s listening.

“So... um, you’re right. I’m not George. Er well, I *am* George, but I’m not the one you know. I’m colorblind and, well, I’m not the one who played the manhunts in all those youtube videos.”

Clay looks disappointed for a moment, and George feels a pang of guilt. “O-okay. Then, what do you mean you *are* George? You two happen to have the same name?” Clay guesses, with a hint of bitterness, “Or plastic surgery?”

“N-no,” George flails a bit at the accusations, “Of course not! I’m from a different dimension.”

Clay narrows his eyes at him, and George gulps, carefully gauging his reaction. A thick silence spreads between them before Clay sighs, hurt entering his voice as he speaks, “I thought you were going to be serious—”

“I *am*, Clay, I *swear* I am,” George facepalms. “I told you it’d be hard to believe, didn’t I? I promise you, I’m *not* lying. I switched places with the George in this dimension, and now I’m *stuck* here and I don’t know how to go back.”

“But that’s *crazy*,” Clay retorts, obviously still not believing it, “And... I don’t know. It seems like you’re just pulling excuses out of your ass.”

“Then *think* about it,” George cuts in, “If I’m not George, where is the real one?” At Clay’s hesitation, George nods. “George hasn’t been livestreaming recently, right? Nor has he been tweeting, or making youtube videos...”

"It's just a coincidence," Clay says instantly.

"Okay, well..." George gets an idea. "I'll tell Sapnap to make a public tweet. I'll text him right now, and you can tell him to say whatever you want."

"What?"

But George is already pulling out his phone, texting Sapnap. *Please respond*, he begs internally. "Okay, what do you want him to say?"

Clay still looks confused. "You're lying. There's no way you... you're such a liar. Even *if* you switched places, how would you two still be friends then? Or you could be another one of Sapnap's other friends, and—"

"He's trying to *help* me," George rolls his eyes. "Of course he wants to get the original George back, so he'll cooperate."

"I don't believe you."

George sighs. "*Fine*. I'll just tell him to tweet you to *believe me* then." George's heart is beating so rapidly, he thinks it'll explode. Sapnap replies to him fairly quickly, much to George's relief. "It'll be up in a minute. Check your phone."

Clay scoffs, pulling out his phone despite his disbelieving attitude. "Oh yeah? And how long will I have to wait before—" he pauses. His eyes are wide, fixed at the screen in confusion. "Who... why'd he use the name *Dream*?"

"... *what*." George looks at Clay's screen, and indeed, sees Sapnap's tweet: *George is telling the truth. Listen to him Dream*. "Oh my god. It's..." George sighs, wondering why Sapnap had chosen to use *that* name of all things. "It's you."

"*Dream*?" Clay frowns, only looking more confused. George can tell why; the message perfectly matched their scenario, *except* for the name. "Is this just a stupid coincidence? How did you know Sapnap was going to tweet... this?"

George is already texting Sapnap again. "Clay, give me your twitter account. I'm going to tell Sapnap to @ you." When Clay doesn't respond, George looks up. "Clay?"

Clay looks like realization has just struck him. "Wait, how... how did you know?"

George frowns. "Know what?"

"You... you can't *not* know, George. You literally..." Clay's eyes grow wider, "you *told* Sapnap to say that. You *did* actually tell him to tweet..."

"What? *What*?" George is so confused. "What do you *mean*. What do I know?"

"My..." Clay hesitates. "My twitter is... DreamTraps."

"*Oh*," and *huh*. George can't believe he didn't *find* that when searching around for traces of Dream, but he realizes he had quickly given up after finding out that "DreamWasTaken" didn't exist. "...You're right, I do know that. I mean, I *didn't* know *you* were DreamTraps, but I know *of* DreamTraps..."

"Why are you so *confused* then?" Clay fires back. "Are you... Why would you *know* my name, if I

never told you? And— wait. Does this have something to do with that livestream—?”

“*Shhh*,” George shushes, realizing they were getting a couple of stares from the workers behind the cashier. “We’re too loud.”

“Oh my god,” Clay groans. “I don’t care. Can you just *answer* me?”

George nods slowly. He feels nervous. He doesn’t know why, but his heart is thrumming. Maybe he was afraid of letting Clay know about Dream, because they were the same person. Maybe he was afraid of mixing them up. George didn’t know.

Seeing Clay grow impatient, George pushes the words out of his lungs. “You’re in my dimension.”

Clay looks... surprised. He obviously hadn’t expected that. “Huh?”

“In my dimension, you’re my best friend,” George explains, his words spilling out, “You’re a minecraft youtuber, you go by the name *Dream*. A-and... we do stupid challenges together, and you play manhunts with me and Bad and Sapnap and—” George takes a deep breath. “In this world, you’re... *not* my best friend.”

Clay’s mouth opens and closes several times. He seems incapable of speech, hardly understanding the words coming out of George’s mouth.

“I didn’t know what to do,” George continues. “I was so surprised, I... you can’t imagine how much I *panicked*, thinking you had disappeared, when the rest of the world was exactly the same as it had always been. But I... I eventually figured it out, that I was in a different dimension, and I *knew* where to find you. I know you live in Orlando, so I went there myself, but um,” he sheepishly scratches the back of his head. “I didn’t know you would be at college. Clay in my world didn’t do that.”

“Wh-what...?”

“So I came here next, looking for you,” George finishes. “And, well, here I am, having found you.”

Clay is looking at George with wide eyes. His fists are clenching and unclenching. George can’t tell whether that’s a good sign or not. “It’s... it’s not Sapnap?”

George blinks. “What?”

“Your best friend.”

George is confused. “Yeah?”

Clay turns away for a moment, a wide disbelieving smile on his face. “Y-you... you’re...” he swallows. “This is crazy.”

“Yeah,” George chuckles. “Yeah, it is.”

“You know what’s even crazier?” Clay asks, turning back to face him.

“What?”

“I believe you.”

Chapter End Notes

O//O

That actually went down better than I expected

Wonderful fanart for this chapter!! Go give it some love~

♥ alphabettea: [Cat Cafe](#)

Imp

Chapter Summary

Dream does that laugh again, the soft one that's more breathy than actual noise, and George likes it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Impostor

The next morning, George finds a couple texts from Bad asking how Dream is, with several accusations from a paranoid Sapnap about George's possibility of being a kidnapper. Their concern is kind of cute, though George is kind of confused at first, until he remembers what went down between him and Dream, and suddenly it's pretty clear that Dream must be ignoring his texts.

George slumps out of his room, peeking around the corner to find Dream sprawled out on the couch. He had taken off his hoodie and haphazardly thrown it over his upper body, thus hiding his face. George stares a little longer than usual, taking in the sight of Dream's form in a simple t-shirt.

"Still planning on ignoring me?" George prompts. "I know you're not asleep."

Dream doesn't respond. He remains still as ever, fixated on pretending he's knocked out. George thinks Dream is being a child. He can't just *run away* from his problems and never address them.

"Dream," George starts again, walking towards him with a sigh. He gently pulls the hoodie off Dream's face, "You—"

George quickly stops himself, upon realizing Dream really *was* asleep. His eyelids are closed, and his breathing is slow. Dream looks pretty when he sleeps, George thinks. He debates counting the freckles, but realizing that'd be weird, he awkwardly lays the hoodie back down on Dream's face, hoping he hadn't disturbed the guy.

Unfortunately for George, Dream begins to shuffle around from the movement on his face, causing the hoodie to slide down and pool around his neck. His face grimaces and his eyes slowly creak open, but his expression promptly *freezes* when he sees George. Like he'd forgotten for a moment that George existed.

"Hey," George greets, "Uh, sorry for waking you."

Dream shuts his eyes tight again and groans. "Ugh, it's... it's fine."

George pauses awkwardly. He knew he had originally come to force Dream to talk, but... he's changed his mind. Maybe he shouldn't push the subject so hard. Giving Dream some time to think things through wasn't exactly a bad idea. "Wanna go outside?"

Dream looks at him, clearly befuddled. “Huh?”

“I can show you around,” George offers. “We can just... hang out. Get some fresh air.”

Dream looks so nonplussed, that George hadn’t pushed the topic of his sexuality. George is surprised at himself too. He waits for Dream’s answer, but it takes him so long to respond, George was starting to think he wouldn’t get a response.

“Okay,” Dream finally answers (after a *lifetime* of waiting).

George raises his eyebrows. “Okay.”

“Don’t look so surprised,” Dream rolls his eyes, climbing off the couch. George is, once again, reminded of just how tall Dream is. “Where are we going?”

George hums. “Pizza Hut?”

Dream cracks a mysterious smile at that, for reasons unknown to George. “Any reason why?”

George shrugs, grabbing his jacket. “Dunno, food? Wilbur and I have gone before.”

“Hmm.” There’s the weirdest expression on Dream’s face.

George wants to figure it out. “Have you been there before or something?”

“Maybe.” At George’s unamused expression, Dream corrects, “Kind of.”

After slipping on their shoes, the two step out of George’s apartment. Dream is standing kind of far away, as if he was afraid they might accidentally create contact. The space between them is tense, and it makes George sigh inwardly.

“You’ve been to the UK before this?” George asks curiously.

“No.”

“Um,” George reacts, now confused. “Then...?”

“I said *kind of*, didn’t I?”

“Don’t get all *smart* with me now, Dream.”

Dream does that laugh again, the soft one that’s more breathy than actual noise, and George likes it. They fall into silence as George drives them to the location. As George rounds the corner and drives down the street that’ll approach the Pizza Hut, Dream gasps next to him.

“Oh my god, it’s here!”

“So you *have* been here before,” George frowns. Just thinking about Dream and the other George hanging out together here was making him wish he hadn’t picked the place.

“Not really.”

“Why is your answer *changing*.” At Dream’s chuckle, George continues, “Seriously, what am I *missing*? ”

“Nothing, nothing.”

“Well that nothing clearly seems to be *something*, since I have no idea what you’re going on about.”

George is thinking he’ll actually have to text Sapnap about it and ask him, but at his bothered expression, Dream finally relents. “It was a video call,” he explains, still chuckling a bit. “George and Wilbur met up here in real life, but I was with them in spirit.”

Huh. George doesn’t know why, but that makes him feel a little better about the situation. “Good to know.”

When they finally enter the restaurant, George finds that there is a sizable number of people standing around, waiting for their orders. “We might have to wait awhile,” he guesses helpfully. Dream doesn’t seem to care though, so they get in line and place their order, arguing very little over toppings (since Dream’s taste is quite good).

Then they take their seats and wait. When George finds a seat next to Dream and their shoulders nearly touch, Dream snorts and scooches his chair away.

“What.” George notices the action, of course. “Do I have the cooties now or something?”

“You don’t have to sit so *close* to me,” Dream replies.

To make a point, George scooches close to Dream again. Dream moves away. George repeats the process. Other people around them are starting to give them weird looks now.

“*George*,” Dream hisses, shifting away again. “*Stop*.”

George huffs in satisfaction. “Then *make* me.”

As George is about to scooch again, Dream’s hand darts out and pushes against his arm, causing him to almost fall over from surprise. “Oh my *god*, will you *stop* —” Dream suddenly freezes, realizing he’s created the very contact he’s tried to avoid. His hand retracts as if it’s been burned. “Stop it.”

George had internally winced when he saw Dream’s reaction, but he made sure not to show it on his face. “Yeah, yeah. Whatever, cootie-paranoid man.”

They wait in awkward silence until their order is called and the pizza is ready. Dream offers to grab it, probably to grab the opportunity of leaving George’s side. (“What a gentleman,” George had joked, and Dream had rolled his eyes.) As Dream returns, George reaches for the box. As he had expected, Dream quickly let go in order to avoid their hands touching.

“What are you *doing*? ”

“Getting a slice,” George answers easily, going for a slice after opening the lid, but he retracts it at lightning speed upon feeling its temperature. “*Ow*, what the *fuck*.”

“You’re an idiot,” Dream frowns. “What’s the point of ordering it to-go if you’re just going to eat it now?”

“Well, I’m *hungry*,” George answers. “Let’s stay here longer. I wanna eat it now.”

A hint of a smile appears, but as quick as it appeared, it’s gone. “You are *so* dumb.”

“Dumber than—?” George stops himself.

“...the other George?” Dream finishes for him. George isn’t sure if he’s imagining it, but Dream looks... well. Amused? Hm, he’s not sure. At least Dream doesn’t look like a cootie-paranoid ass anymore. “Yes,” he answers, “What kind of idiot would—” this time Dream stops himself.

“...confess to you?” George finishes, laughing despite himself. Some of the odd tension in the air finally dissolves away. “Why are we completing each other’s sentences?”

Dream laughs with him, but his eyes are... sad. “Just eat a stupid slice so we can get moving.”

George shakes his head, disbelieving. “Only if you take one too.”

“What. *Why?* ”

“Because sharing is *caring*, Dream~”

Dream looks so *done* with George’s shenanigans. “...fine, whatever. I don’t care.”

George grabs a slice with his fingertips, but instead of taking it for himself, he offers it to Dream. Dream stares at him like he’s crazy but, instead of arguing, he extends his hands and accepts the gift. He doesn’t flinch this time, and their fingers brush each other as they complete the exchange.

George smiles in success. He thinks he’ll consider this a win.

Chapter End Notes

If I had to rate which chapter I've written so far was weirdest, this one would be it >:\

Also :DDD check out this [animatic](#) I made for our jelly lil' imp George~ It's not 100% accurate to his thoughts, but I think the hints of salt/sour is just perfect for him ^^

Imp

Chapter Summary

“Do you... wanna talk about it?”

“Not really,” Dream replies quietly. “It’s... it’s nothing that important, anyway.”

“It didn’t *sound* like something unimportant.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



George’s eyes wearily open. It’s the middle of the night, but he can hear noises all the way from the living room. It sounds like... *Dream*? George groans a little, rolling himself out of bed. What the hell was Dream *up* to at this time of night. Chanting a magic circle in the middle of his apartment?

George sluggishly moves out of his room, feeling cold from having left his blankets. God, he can’t believe he had to leave his warm bed for this. “Dream,” George calls out. No response. There’s some shuffling and more mumbling. Confused, George circles around so that he can see the front of the couch.

It takes George a second in his sleepy state to realize that Dream is shaking. His blanket had long slipped off, now clumped on the ground. His brows are pinched with worry, and he keeps tossing, strangled noises coming from his throat. George quickly steps forward, shakes Dream’s shoulder. “Hey, Dream. *Dream*, wake *up*.”

The tossing finally stops, but the shaking doesn’t. Dream’s eyes warily open. “H-huh?”

George feels sympathy twist in him, seeing how scared Dream looks. He notices with a startle that there are tear marks on his cheeks. Barely noticeable, but there nonetheless. “Um... bad dream, I think.”

Dream takes a shuddering breath. “Y-yeah, you’re right. Just a nightmare.” He props himself up in a sitting position, still looking shaken. “Um, thanks. For waking me up.”

“It’s nothing,” George lies, bending down to pick up the blanket before sitting on the couch next to him. “Do you... wanna talk about it?”

“Not really,” Dream replies quietly. “It’s... it’s nothing that important, anyway.”

“It didn’t *sound* like something unimportant. It was even enough to wake me up.”

“...Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” George sighs. “But I can listen, you know. You don’t have to just bottle it all up, or whatever.”

George says this, because he already knows Dream’s dream (wow, such uncanny repetition) was most likely about George. The *original* George. And as someone who wasn’t the original, Dream was technically capable of confiding in him. Dream *needed* to talk about his feelings, or he’d be stuck in his own head forever. And George was willing to be an outlet, if Dream would just take up on his offer.

After several minutes where Dream seems to be gathering his thoughts and calming himself at the same time, he sighs. “It... it was about George.”

George nods. “Figured as much. What about him?”

“He...” Dream swallows. “He got sucked away, into this *giant* blackhole. He was begging for me to save him, and our hands were only centimeters apart, but I—” Dream chokes on his words. “I couldn’t do a thing. I couldn’t save him.”

“The blackhole didn’t suck you in with him?”

“It didn’t,” Dream affirms tiredly. “I was sent back, to reality I guess. But, George, he... his existence *disappeared*. It wasn’t just *him* but... people’s memories, his videos, the *impact* he left behind, they— they all disappeared with him.” Dream drags a hand down his face. “Everything about him was *wiped*.”

“But you remembered him,” George guesses.

“It was awful,” Dream whispers. “I was the *only one*. People looked at me like I was crazy, but no one *understood* me. No one *got* that George was *gone*—” he chokes on his words again, and George blinks at the sight of more tears slipping from his eyes. Dream hurries to wipe them. “*Fuck*, I...”

George can’t really explain what he does next. He moves out of instinct, wrapping his arms around Dream’s torso. Dream doesn’t flinch, doesn’t back away, only resting his forehead on George’s shoulder.

“It’s just a dream,” George reassures a little awkwardly, patting his friend’s back. He’s never done this before, but when he saw Dream being all sad, he had just... *wanted* to. George isn’t sure how to explain it. He just knew that Dream needed him, and so he offered. That was all there was to it.

Dream’s voice is strangled as he replies, “N-no, it’s... it’s *not*, he’s *actually* gone...”

“Well *I’m* here, aren’t I?” George huffs. “And I can help you get him back, if you just stop pushing me away.”

“I... yeah. I-I know.” Dream sniffs a little, and they keep this position for the next several minutes or so. When Dream finally retracts his head, he looks embarrassed. “Sorry, I got your shirt all wet.”

George looks down, realizes Dream *had* indeed cried all over his front. “It’s fine,” he answers, reaching his thumb forward to wipe away the streaks on Dream’s cheeks. His freckles are shiny. “You can cry on me all you want, I don’t care.”

Dream is looking at him strangely. His eyes are glossy from the tears he had shed, and its green

color appears to pop out more than it usually does. “G-George.”

“What?”

George’s breath catches in his throat. Dream had leaned forward, leaving their faces only inches apart. The space between them tingles, like little bits of electricity are flying through the air. “I—”

George notices the visual cue just in time. Dream’s eyes had darted to his mouth, and like a magnet, the distance between the two of them had begun to close. Dream’s lips brush the side of George’s mouth, but George abruptly stands, ending the contact. Dream looks surprised, his eyes wide.

“*Dream*,” George chokes out. *What the fuck*. “Don’t. You’re not in your right mind right now.”

Dream blinks at him. “But, I thought—”

“I’m not going to let you do something you might regret,” George cuts in, starting to leave. His heart is bouncing crazily, but at least he has his head on straight. He’s not going to let Dream *kiss* him while he’s emotionally unstable, while he thinks George is the *other* George.

George stops though, when he feels Dream clinging onto the edge of his shirt. “I don’t... I don’t want to be alone,” Dream admits quietly.

George sees Dream’s nervous expression and exhales. “Okay. But let’s not stay on the couch?” At Dream’s confused expression, George beckons. “Follow me.”

They shuffle to George’s room and George flops onto his bed, rolling to one side to make room for Dream. After a second of uncertain hesitance, Dream joins him. He brought his own blanket, so they didn’t have to share. The two lay there, side by side but not touching, their slow breaths creating the only noise in a vast hole of silence.

“Goodnight, George.” At least Dream’s voice is steady again.

George sighs, closing his eyes, the image of Dream leaning closer to him dancing behind his eyelids. “Goodnight, Dream.”

Chapter End Notes

oh-

Alt

Chapter Summary

“Hey, George?”

“Yeah?”

“...Dream’s the person you have a crush on, right?”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Alter

“I’m sorry that I lied to you,” George mumbles, and Clay just shakes his head.

“It’s okay, I get why you had to.” Clay looks relieved. And truthfully, George is too. With everything out there in the open now, there was nothing to hide. And Clay seemed to have taken it well, after the initial stage of doubt had passed over. “So... what now?”

“I don’t know,” George admits. “Is there anything more you want to know?”

Clay hesitates, appearing conflicted. “Tell me about him. About... Dream?”

“*Dream...*” George repeats, feeling wistful just saying the name aloud. “He’s... well. In my world, he’s a minecraft youtuber like me. Actually, he plays the speedrunner in our mahunts.”

“No way,” Clay replies, sounding amazed.

George laughs. “I was shocked too, when I realized the George in this world did the same thing. It’s uh, not really suited for me.”

“So they’re about the same level?”

George shrugs. “I guess so. Dream nearly has ten million subs though.”

“...Whoa.”

“Yeah.”

The two had been sitting on the same couch for ages now. The cafe was basically empty at this point, all the previous customers having left. The only living things in sight were the two of them and the bundles of cats, left all to themselves.

“This is weird,” Clay admits, leaning back. He’s been absentmindedly stroking the cat in his lap for the past hour now, as if hoping he could distract himself with it. “We’re talking about my other

self, right? He's not me... but he *is* me too, isn't he?"

"It's super weird," George agrees.

"Do we act the same?"

George thinks about that for a second. "No," he decides. "You're nicer."

At that, Clay wheezes gently, and George's chest tingles. "Oh my god..." he gives a pretty smile at that. "Well, to be fair, I think you're nicer too."

"Hm?"

"Nicer than the original, I mean," Clay clarifies. "I noticed that, remember? I told you you're different from how you appear online and, well, I guess I know why now."

George gives a noncommittal hum at that. He's not sure why, but Clay's praise had made his heart do a happy thrum. Probably because Clay had Dream's face and all that.

"Does he... does he look like me?" Clay asks. When George gives a feeble nod, Clay pauses. "Then, is it... weird to look at me?"

George looks at Clay, as if doing so would help him answer. It doesn't. He just gets caught instead, trapped in Clay's eyes. Clay looks *exactly* like Dream. The thought certainly wasn't a helpful one, granted George *knew* Clay's sexuality. It just made his thoughts all the more jumbled and confusing, made the stinging in his chest return.

George looks away, muttering under his breath, "It wasn't at first..."

Clay blinks, an understanding look crossing his features. "Hey, George?"

"Yeah?"

"...Dream's the person you have a crush on, right?"

George lets out a shaky breath. God, the stinging, it... it's starting to hurt. "Y-yeah."

"Huh."

Awkward silence falls over them. George isn't sure if that was information he should've shared. Clay probably felt awkward now, knowing George liked him. Or, liked another version of him? But weren't they basically the same person anyway?

George had done a lot of denying on his part. He's told himself Clay and Dream were different persons, that their separate identities somehow made them different people. But... he was wrong. In the end, Dream was Dream. It didn't matter from what dimension he came from, or what background he had. Dream would always have the same stupid face, the same stupid laugh, the same stupid mannerisms.

"George?"

And the voice. The same stupid voice too. "Yeah?" The bees came back. No matter what George did, they always did, relentlessly attacking him from every corner. He could try to escape, but there never *was* an escape, and they always poked him until he hurt *everywhere*.

"I... I know you're not George. But," Clay lets out a breath of air. "I guess, in the end... deep

down, you're still him, aren't you?"

"Yeah," George smiles a little. They both had screaming tendencies and a snarky attitude, so. "I guess so."

"You've been honest with me," Clay continues. "So I... I want to be honest too, George. I have... something to tell you."

George tilts his head. "What is it?"

Clay appears to be summoning his courage. But for *what*, George has no clue. "I know I'm not... Dream. I know we're not the same person, and I get it if you..." Clay gulps, his cheeks gradually turning rosy in color, "if you want to use that reasoning, after what I'm about to say."

George blinks. "Um, okay...?"

Clay turns, looks George in the eyes. "I... I like you, George. Like, I have a crush on you. And, yes, it seems out of the blue, but... I have for a while." Clay chuckles, seeming embarrassed. "You're very endearing in-person, I don't... I don't know how to explain it. Maybe because I've pined after the online version of yourself for so long, I... even if you're a different person, I still feel the same. To me, you're still the same George."

George's mouth falls open from shock. He can't believe his ears. "I..."

"George," Clay begins, "do you like me?"

"I—" George's heart is going wild. He's so... *happy*. Why is he so happy? This isn't Dream. But it *is* Dream, isn't it? Clay's eyes are roving across George's face, searching for an answer, but George isn't sure what to say. What was the right answer here? *Was* there a right answer? "I..."

Clay ducks his head. "I... I get it. It's okay—"

"Wait." George doesn't know what he's doing. What is he doing? One of his hands has moved under Clay's chin, forcing him to look at him again. Their faces are only inches apart. "I..." he watches Clay lick his lips, and George's eyes automatically dart there.

Clay looks hopeful. "George?" he whispers.

George wants this. George wants to have this, so badly. "Yes," he finally answers, the strangest sense of certainty falling over him. He wants *Dream*. "Yes, I... I do."

George moves forward and Clay meets him halfway, their lips connecting in a gentle kiss, and finally, *finally*, the bees in George's chest all fly away.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Summary

“How is that TONING IT DOWN?”

“Um, sorry, what are we talking about?”

Sapnap sighs. “George— Alter. You fucked up.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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Alter

George has been giddy the whole day. He can't stop replaying what happened: the kisses they shared, how friendly and close they became, how warm it felt to hold Clay's hand. Clay *did* have nice hands, just as George had predicted. They were big, kind of calloused, a perfect fit against his own more slender fingers. God, he loves Clay. And he's so fucking happy, because Clay is finally *his*. He doesn't think the day can get any better.

And, well, George was sort of right. The day doesn't get better. But it certainly takes a nosedive, when Bad sends him a crazed text.

Goodboyhalo: GEORGE.

Goodboyhalo: JOIN THE VOICE CALL RIGHT NOW

George isn't really sure why Bad sounds so panicked, but still feeling quite high from their exchange of confessions, he figures it can't be anything terrible. Thinking that he might as well update his friends on the good news, he boots up discord and joins the call as Bad had instructed. A quick glance confirms that Sapnap is on the call too. George wonders why Bad called the both of them.

“Hey—” George starts to greet, but he's quickly interrupted.

“GEORGE,” Bad shouts, “How is *that* TONING IT DOWN?”

George flinches from Bad's tone, because honestly? He hadn't expected that. “Um, sorry, what are we talking about?”

Sapnap sighs. “George— Alter. You fucked up.”

George had been able to guess that much just from Bad's tone. But... “*How* did I fuck up??”

Bad gasps. “He doesn't even *know!* ”

“Alter,” Sappnap starts, “I’m going to send something in the chat.”

“Okay...?” George watches as the text pops up, confirming his friend is typing. A second later, an all-too-familiar scene pops up on the chat. George pales. “UM.”

Right in front of him is a picture of him and Clay in that cat cafe, sitting on that white couch and... kissing. George feels a flush crawl up to his cheeks, and his face burns from seeing the image. God, that... okay, wow. Someone took a picture of them? Really? *Really?*

“Explain this,” Sappnap prompts.

“I... we kissed,” George admits.

“No *shit*, Sherlock,” Bad groans. George is a tad bit disappointed — he had hoped this Bad would grow to like the muffin censor. “You guys *kissed* in fucking *public*, and someone got a *picture of you two doing it*. And now it’s *all over twitter*.”

“It’s *everywhere*,” Sappnap growls in agreement. “How come you haven’t seen it yet?”

George had honestly been too busy texting Clay, giddily rolling around on his bed, and rethinking the day’s events to pay attention to anything else. He had simply ignored the constant notifications from his phone, attributing it to people’s confusion over Sappnap’s tweet.

“This was really irresponsible of you, Alter.” Bad sounds disappointed in him. “What in your right mind made you think doing that in public was a *good* idea?”

“No one was in the cafe with us!” George swears. “I don’t know how anyone *saw* us...”

“That’s not the *point*,” Sappnap cuts in. “You’re in *our* George’s body, Alter. Your actions will be attributed to him. You can’t just go *kissing everybody* you get a crush on.”

“I—” George blushes furiously at the accusation.

“And you need to think about Clay too,” Sappnap continues. “Because of my tweet, a few fans found his twitter and are starting to bombard him. He’s going to be buried in unnecessary public attention—”

“Well, he confessed *first!*” George defends. “I’m pretty sure he knew what he was getting himself into. A-and... he *knows* about it. The swap. He knows I’m not the original.”

“Oh.” Bad sounds surprised by that. “Wow, really? He accepted you, knowing it’d have to end when you finally swap back?”

George freezes. “Um...”

“The whole plan where you’re supposed to befriend him and restore balance to the universes or whatever,” Sappnap continues for Bad, “he knows about it, right?”

“I...”

“George, isn’t this *not* following the plan?” Bad asks worriedly. “You’re not in a relationship with *your* Dream, so how is getting into a *relationship* with *Clay* supposed to help—”

“I,” George interrupts, “I don’t... it doesn’t help.”

Bad’s voice turns into confusion. “Then *why* are you doing this, George? You know this won’t last,

because you'll have to swap eventually..."

"I don't want to go back."

A heavy, shocked silence falls over his friends. "You..." Sapnap starts, "you WHAT?!"

"GEORGE?"

"I don't... I don't want to go back," George repeats. George had only ever wanted to go home so that he could return to Dream. But Dream was here now, wasn't he? And even better, Dream was *his*. What was the point of going back now, to a world where Dream *couldn't* be?

"George, are you HEARING yourself." Bad still sounds shocked. "Why did you just *give up* going back?"

"Do you know how lucky your George is?" George asks instead. "His channel is at seven million subscribers. He has a huge following *and* everyone's respect in the minecraft community. And he... he lives in a world where Dream is attracted to *guys*." George shakes his head. "He has *everything*. It's... it's completely *unfair*."

"It doesn't *matter* if it's unfair," Sapnap retorts.

"This isn't just about *you*," Bad agrees. "We need *our* George back too!"

"You don't *belong* here. You CAN'T STAY."

Each stab sends an angry jolt through George, to the point where he finds himself boiling in annoyance. He's so... *mad*. Why can't he just *have* this? Why can't his friends be happy for him? *Are* they even his friends? They clearly seemed to want the original George back more than they cared about what *George* wanted. Why did they have to insist so badly on *taking Dream away from him*?

Why can't the world just let him keep Dream?

"I don't *care*," George butts in, interrupting his friends' barrage of demands. "I want to *stay*. I'm *going* to stay."

"George," Sapnap speaks firmly, "don't do this."

"*George*," Bad sounds scared, "George, please, *think* about this. Think *realistically*. There's no way this can last forever. You *can't*. *Stay*."

"You can't pull off George's playstyle," Sapnap supports. "You can't pull off his personality, you can't pull off his mentality. You just *aren't* him. It'd be too obvious, and you'd *ruin* everything."

"Well, guess *what*?" George snaps. "I'm done. I'm *sick* of listening to you two *complain* about my life."

"But it's *not* your *fucking* life!" Bad shouts, sounding exasperated, "It's the *real* George's!"

"I—" George growls, moving his mouse to the end call button. "I'm not going to stay for this. I'm *leaving*."

"GEORGE."

"Goodbye." George leaves the voice call, cutting off his friends' protests, and the room falls into

pained silence. His previous happiness had quickly drained away, leaving only guilt dripping in his gut. But why does George have to feel guilty for situations that aren't even his fault? George doesn't owe anyone anything. It's not *his* job to ensure the swap-back happens.

But he still feels like shit. Sighing with aggravation, George picks up his phone and sends another text to Clay. He hopes he's doing okay. He hopes he can get to see him soon.

Chapter End Notes

q-q

Let's be honest, most of us saw this coming.

Imp

Chapter Summary

“What’s your address?”

“...Why do you wanna know?”

“I’m going to find you.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



By morning, George is already in an uncompromising situation.

He wakes to find himself encircled by Dream’s limbs, the boy’s face buried in George’s clavicle. This definitely crossed the line past homies, into some stray cuddling territory George knew nothing about. Though for the first few moments, George was pretty happy with the arrangement. He could feel the morning through the blinds, warmth soaking into his skin. Dream’s hair smelled nice, and George felt very safe tucked into him, like a cozy little burrito.

But he quickly realizes it’d be stupid to stay in this position, especially if Dream were to suddenly wake, so despite his desire to stay in their position, George had promptly shoved Dream off of him.

Dream groans, rising from his own sleep. “Did you just *push* me?”

“Time to wake up,” George says as an excuse to explain his actions.

Dream yawns. “What time is it?”

“I dunno. Go check yourself.”

Dream scoffs, an amused expression taking on his face. “You don’t even know the time? Did you just wake me up for no reason?”

“Maybe,” George answers mysteriously, barely avoiding the swing of a pillow in his direction. He giggles at the sight of Dream’s bedhead, but doesn’t say anything about it.

The two shuffle to the kitchen, and Dream starts up the coffee machine. He’s a lot calmer now than when compared to last night, George notices. A lot of the awkward air around them had also gone away, though George isn’t completely sure why. Maybe opening up and sharing worries was all it took to get rid of some anxieties.

Dream hands George one of the mugs of coffee he prepared. George begrudgingly accepts, sipping it without much thought. But the instant he takes a taste, he pauses, staring at the contents. It’s

light brown in color.

“Why did you put so much *milk* in it,” George asks, confused. “This can hardly even be considered *coffee*. Are you pranking me?”

Based on Dream’s surprised expression, he realizes that Dream was *not*, in fact, pranking him. “I—sorry. That’s just how George likes his coffee.”

George grumbles, taking another sip. It’s not *horrible*, just... it ruins the whole *purpose* of the coffee. “What, he likes coffee milk or something?”

“Basically,” Dream laughs, a fond expression crossing his features. “He’s so weird.”

George feels annoyance prick at the bottom of his hands again, but he doesn’t comment on it, using it instead as a personal boost to ask the questions he needs to. “What’s your address?”

Dream raises his eyebrow at the suddenness. “...Why do you wanna know?”

“I’m going to find you.”

“Um?” Dream questions, “I’m right here though?”

George rolls his eyes. “I mean when I switch back, idiot. If you exist here, you probably exist in my world too.”

A small smile grows on Dream’s face. “...Huh. You’re going to go look for my alternate-self?”

“...yes?” George confirms, opening a drawer to look for a pen and paper. “Do you have a problem with that?”

Dream hums at that, but doesn’t reply. He clicks the pen George gives him and scribbles down an address. “My other self is gonna get freaked out if he thinks you’re stalking him,” Dream jokes.

“I’m not going to *stalk* him,” George huffs, taking back the paper. He doesn’t tell Dream about his hypothesis, that the other George must’ve already sought his world’s Dream out on his own accord. If George and Dream were really as close as they seemed, it was only natural to think that way.

Even still, George doesn’t want to take any chances, so he’s asked for Dream’s address just in case. His eyes scan the lines, imprinting it into his brain. He vaguely wonders how his world’s Dream must look and act. Would he also have freckles? Would he also have a nice morning voice?

“Are you *memorizing* it?” Dream asks him.

“Well, what am I *supposed* to do?” George fires back. “Take the paper *with* me when I go back?”

Dream gives an amused chuckle at that. “What’s stopping you?”

“You’re impossible,” George snorts, setting the paper down. It’s already ingrained into his mind. “I can’t wait to meet the other Dream. I bet he won’t be *nearly* as naive and idiotic as you.”

Dream’s smile falls a little at the bite in George’s voice. George feels a little guilty that Dream caught it. “I...” he pauses, “I want to talk to you about what happened. Last night.”

George snorts. “Finally realized your sexuality, huh Dream?”

"I..." Dream frowns. "I guess so? But I meant—"

"When George comes back," George continues, "make sure you ask him out. I'm pretty sure he likes you back too."

"George—"

"*What*, Dream."

"Stop interrupting me," Dream scowls. "I'm... I'm trying to say something."

George sets down his mug, crosses his arms. "Sure, go ahead. I'm listening."

"I..." Dream opens his mouth but no words come out. After a couple seconds he groans, tilting his head back and raking his hands through his hair. "This is really hard."

"What's so hard about saying your sexuality aloud?" George wonders. "You've already accepted it, haven't you?"

"I... I'm *telling* you, it's *not* about that."

"Then..." George is now confused. "Then what are you trying to tell me?"

Dream looks so... *shy*. It's the *weirdest* fucking look on him. "I..." his face is turned away, tilted downwards. His next words are so quiet, George thinks he must've imagined what he heard, because it made no *sense*. Dream was making *no sense*.

George's heart stutters. "You *what*?"

"I like you, too," Dream repeats, louder this time.

So George *hadn't* been hearing things. But, "Don't get us mixed up, Dream," George warns, his insides churning uncomfortably. "I know you really like George, but I repeat that I'm *not* him. Don't mistake me for him. Don't chase me thinking you're winning him, because you're not—"

"*George*," Dream interrupts, finally looking at him. "Can't... can't I fall in love twice?"

George's breath catches in his throat. "E-excuse me?"

Dream takes a step forward, hesitantly grabbing each of George's sleeves with a different hand. He seems to be waiting for George to pull away, but of course he doesn't. "I know you're not the same George," Dream whispers. "You're kind of a jerk, you don't like coffee-milk, and you're a pretty bad driver—"

"*Hey*."

Dream does his breathy wheeze. "Maybe it's because you're more confident, more flippant, I don't know. I don't have a reason. But in the end, I don't think it matters. I think... I *know* I love George. But," a small smile appears, "I think I love the other versions of him just as much."

George swallows, his heart thundering from the confession. He didn't expect this, at all. Dream is just so *different*, so *completely* out-of-character. He's saying strange things, suddenly so *open* and *honest* that it's almost a bit unnerving. George isn't sure what to do. Dream looks uncertain too, unwilling to move first, scared that he might create a repeat of what happened last night.

So George moves first, putting his hands on Dream's waist and forcing him to stand closer, so that

they're only centimeters apart. George watches Dream's reactions carefully, silently asks for permission. Dream's eyes are wavering, but he doesn't move away, moving his hands to the nape of George's neck. The electricity comes back, and George's body is tingling with apprehension.

George stands on his tiptoes, erasing the space between them, capturing Dream's lips with his.

And Dream presses forward, kissing him back.

Chapter End Notes

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Imp

Chapter Summary

“But I’m going to find your other self no matter what,” George swears. “And I’m going to seduce you, and get you to fall for me again—”

“Pshhh WHAT?! George. What do you mean, SEDUCE me?”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

┌───────────┐
- Impostor
└───────────┘

Dream is very, *extremely* affectionate.

George hadn’t known, *couldn’t* have known this, not with how much Dream had been avoiding him before. But throughout his day, he’s already been startled with surprise hugs somewhere around a *dozen* times, each attack always paired with peppers of kisses from an all-too-affectionate Dream. Not that he’s complaining or anything. George thinks he’d be a lot more shocked, if he didn’t like it so much.

“Have you always been this touchy-feely?” George smirks, when he’s been surprise-attacked again while sitting in his chair. Sometimes he wonders how he got to this point. What did he even *do* to make Dream like him so much? In no way, shape, or form had this ever been part of the plan.

But it still happened, and George sure as hell isn’t complaining.

“I did have to hold myself back a lot,” Dream admits easily, burrowing his face into George’s nape. George giggles at the tickling sensation of Dream’s breath. He’s glad he’s not on voice-call with the others right now — he’d have a hell of a time trying to explain himself out of this.

George has a sudden thought. “Are you touch-starved, Dream?”

Dream hums against his skin, not answering. George doesn’t know if it’s an affirmation or not. He makes a small, mental reminder to give Dream a lot of attention, because he’s beautiful and he deserves it.

┌───────────┐
- Impostor
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They had permanently migrated to George’s bed. George wouldn’t say he’s an affectionate person exactly, but because he knows Dream is, he always offers. They spend nights and mornings

snuggled in bed, cuddling in various positions, usually with Dream buried in the crook of George's neck.

"Why do you always put your face *there*," George wonders aloud. It doesn't really bother him, other than the occasional tickle he gets when Dream breathes there, but he's just curious about the answer.

Dream chuckles. "Dunno. Smells nice."

George mumbles in pretend annoyance. "You're lucky I like you enough to put up with you."

Dream playfully flicks George in the arm. "You're lucky I like *you* enough to put up with your complaining."

George smiles at that. "Fair enough."

Dream lets out a wistful sigh. "I wish we could stay like this forever."

George pushes Dream a short distance away, so he can look him in the eye. "Dream," he warns, though it hurts him to say it, "you *know* I can't stay here forever. I... I *have* to go back eventually, to my friends, to my fans. I don't belong here."

He can see Dream gulp. "I-I know. Doesn't stop me from wishing though, you know?"

George feels his shoulders slump, trying to hide the sadness in his smile. "Come on, don't look so sad. When I swap, you'll finally have George back. You miss him, right?"

"Of course I do," Dream answers instantly, brushing a thumb over George's cheek. It sends tingles over his skin. "But I just... I just want to have *both* of you."

George lets out a huff of amusement at that. "Of course you do. So selfish of you, Dream, not leaving any Georges for the rest of the Dreams out there."

Dream rolls his eyes at George's joke. "I swear, why are all Georges so *snarky*."

"But you love me anyway," George smirks.

Dream shuts him up, by pressing a chaste kiss to George's lips. Dream's kisses always taste like honey. "Yeah, I do," he smirks back, wielding a triumphant look because of George's flustered expression.

"God, you're so stupid," George groans, hiding his face in Dream's front. He's shaking with laughter from George's reaction. George clings to that feeling, absorbs the sound of Dream's heartbeat through his chest. "I'm... I'm going to miss you."

"...yeah. I'm going to miss you too."

"But I'm going to find your other self no matter what," George swears. "And I'm going to seduce you, and get you to fall for me again—"

Dream wheezes at that, but it's the loud one, not the breathy one. "*Pshhh* what?! *George*. What do you mean, *seduce* me?"

"I'll have the other Dream fall for my charmingly good looks."

George can *hear* Dream's smile. "Sounds like a pretty good plan."

“...I’m *joking*.”

“Well, I’m *not*.”

George frowns. “What? What’s *that* supposed to mean?”

Dream’s fingers are playing with the hair at the nape of George’s neck. “What do you think? You’re very handsome, George. I think it’s a flawless plan.”

“What the— oh my god. Since when were you so *sappy*, what the hell.”

“Oh, I dunno,” Dream whistles. “I might’ve gotten it from you?”

“What? I’m not *flirty*.”

“Hm? You don’t remember calling me a pretty boy?”

George blinks. “I forgot about that,” he admits, and when Dream returns to wheezing, George pokes Dream in the side to display his annoyance. “Yeah, yeah, laugh it up. But I think *I’ll* have the last laugh when you make a fool of yourself doing the same to the other George.”

Dream’s laughter abruptly dies. “Um.”

“*Dream*,” George sighs, hardly believing they’re going to have to have this conversation again. “You *have* to confess to George. He likes you back, okay? You can *not* back out of it.”

“But, what if... what if he *doesn’t*? He might not *be* attracted to guys... what if I ruin everything?”

“But you have to *try*,” George insists, pulling himself up so he’s face to face with Dream. “You *have* to ask, or you’ll never know, Dream. Believe in it. Believe in *me*. You have to promise you’ll ask him.”

Dream looks scared. “I don’t know...”

“My happily ever after isn’t with you,” George explains, thinking back to his world and comparing the two. He supposes that, even if he’s already successful and all, he’s also learned a lot from living in this swap. There are so many things that need to change when he finally goes back. “*I’m* going to find my *own* happy ending. And Dream, you *need to do the same*. At least *try*. *Promise me* you’ll confess to him when we swap back.”

Dream closes his eyes, taking a shaky breath. “...okay. I’ll tell him.”

“Good.” George rests his forehead on Dream’s, as a quiet reassurance. (Just in case though, he makes a mental reminder to write the other George a letter for when they swap back.) “I swear he’ll accept it, Dream. You don’t have anything to worry about.”

“What if you’re wrong, though?” Dream worries openly. “You’ve never even *met* him.”

“I don’t *need* to meet him to be able to tell he loves you,” George replies with ease. “And if he’s anything like me, he’ll be head over heels for you, for sure. Which is great, granted he literally *is* me. The odds look pretty good for you.”

Dream snorts. “I still think it’s a bad idea,” he adds, “but... I trust you. So I guess I’ll take your word for it.”

George hums, contented with that response. It’s honestly quite weird, how he had suddenly stopped

being jealous of the other George. Maybe it had something to do with the whole loving-Dream thing. He just wants Dream to be happy, and he's fine with whatever means he'd need to use to get it, even if it meant he wouldn't be in the equation.

"He better treat you well when I'm gone."

Dream wheezes gently, clearly amused with George's choice of warning. "You don't need to worry," he laughs. "George is a total simp."

"Then... you let him know you're the best thing that's ever happened in his life. Though..." George pauses, realizing his mistake. "You know what? Nevermind."

"Hm? Why'd you change your mind?"

George smirks, using his thumb to *bop* the tip of Dream's freckled nose. "I'm sure he already knows."

Chapter End Notes

More fanart!!!! #blessed and so honored (be sure to go take a look!)

♥ animal-crusades: ["Just a Dream" Georges](#)

Chapter Summary

“George? Why are you...”

George giggles, wiping away the tears that had started to form at the edge of his eyes.

“Clay, I’m... when I’m gone, I’m going to miss you. So fucking much.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



“*Clay?* ” George jumps in surprise at the sight of him, standing at the doorway of his hotel room, hands resting in his jacket pockets. “Wha— why are you *here?* ”

Clay smiles sheepishly, offering a shrug. “Visiting you?”

“What the fuck.” George laughs. “Why didn’t you tell me you were coming? How did you even know... where I *was?* ”

“Um,” Clay shuffles his feet. “Bad and Sapnap said...”

“Oh.” George feels like he knows where this is going.

“Yeah. Can I come in?”

“Hm?” George blinks, snapping himself out of his distracted state. Why is Clay’s face so distracting? So unfair. “Yeah, yeah.”

And, okay, George hadn’t *known* he was going to have a visitor, so he feels like he can’t be blamed for the unmade bed, scattered clothes, and tangled mess of computer wires. Though, Clay seems more amused by the sight than anything, so George tries not to let it weigh on his mind too much.

“I can’t believe they convinced you to come all this way,” George huffs, clearing away space on the bed for them to sit. “I could’ve gone to you instead—”

“But,” Clay interrupts, “everyone knows already, the university that I go to. If you came there, people would only naturally connect the dots, and things would only blow up more.”

“Oh...” George gulps, nodding. “I know, social media is a mess. Are you doing okay? Like, are a lot of people coming up to you in real life?”

“Just a few,” Clay admits, looking embarrassed. “They weren’t mean or anything, just *curious*, I guess. They wanted to know if the picture was real.”

George hesitates. “Do you...” He doesn’t know how to phrase it. *Do you regret kissing in that cafe? If you could take it back, would you?*

But Clay thankfully seems to know what’s on George’s mind, because he places his hand over George’s. “I knew what I was getting myself into when I confessed, George. You don’t have to worry about me.”

George rearranges their hands so that he can squeeze back. “Okay. So. Let’s talk about why you’re here?”

“Right, that,” Clay chuckles. “I was really shocked, when Bad reached out to me. In just the span of a few days, it’s suddenly just celebrities talking to me left and right...”

George rolls his eyes. “We’re not *celebrities*.”

“My *idols*, whatever,” Clay grins, nudging George’s side. “Bad gave me a bit more info on what’s been going on with the swap. He told me about your guys’ plan, stuff you planned to accomplish,” an eyebrow raise, “plus the stuff you *didn’t* plan...”

“...I guess we went a *little* off the path,” George admits sheepishly, tracing the ridges of Clay’s knuckles.

“He also told me...” Clay gives a small sigh. It’s a sad sigh. “That you planned on quitting.”

George peels his eyes away from Clay. “I did say that, yeah.”

He watches out the corner of his eye, sees how intently Clay stares at their intertwined hands. “And I... of course, I don’t want you to go back.” His hand squeezes George’s a little tighter. “I don’t want you to leave. But...”

“I know,” George interrupts. “I think I have to.”

Clay blinks at him. “You do?”

George presses his lips into a thin line, nodding. “I thought a lot about it, after I talked with Sapnap and Bad. I didn’t want to accept it at first. I didn’t want to leave... *this*,” George gestures to the room, hoping he could convey to Clay that he meant this whole world. This universe with a Clay that loved him. “...behind.”

“Do you want to stay?”

It was the question George had pondered for so many hours, and he had eventually arrived at the answer on his own. Not some fake answer his emotional self dredged up, but a *real* answer that he knew was the right choice.

“I could say I do,” George explains. “In fact, I want to say I do. But I know I’d be lying. If I stayed, I’d be abandoning him. I can’t do that... to Dream.” George’s bees buzz sadly, but they don’t sting. They only flutter their wet wings, barely keeping afloat. “I only wanted to be a little selfish. But, I.... ugh. I can’t. I can’t stay.”

Clay smiles knowingly. “I *told* Bad it’d be fine.”

George blinks. “You’re not mad?”

Clay shakes his head. “I expected this, George. You’re too *nice* to leave your friends behind.

And... I'm not *your* Dream. It'd be selfish of *me* to expect you to give up your best friend."

George's heart simmers with turmoil. He tackles Clay into an embrace, holding their beating souls close together. "Clay, I... I don't *care* if you're not *my* Dream. You still *are* Clay, no matter who you are."

Clay's arms hug him back, but his voice is sad. "I'm really not, George. I can't replace him, can't just *take away* who he is to you."

George places his hands on Clay's cheeks, bringing their faces close together. "*Clay*. You're not *replacing* him."

Clay's hands wrap around George's wrists. "Then what *am* I, George?"

"You're you," George replies easily, eyes tracing the pattern of Clay's pretty freckles.

George's answer seems to surprise Clay, a burst of pretty pink appearing across his flushed face. He suddenly surges forward, pressing his soft lips to George's. They fall onto the bed, hands tangling through hair and gliding over skin, sending tingles of burning electricity everywhere they touch.

When they separate, George is lying with his back to the bed, gasping for air. "*Oh my god.*" His heart is beating so fast. So goddamn fast. Clay is so handsome. Why is such a handsome man like Clay kissing George? What the fuck. "I think I'm in love with you."

Clay is perched above him, a slow grin spreading across his features. "I know."

"...*hey*," George pretends to be irritated, mock punching Clay's shoulder. "You need to say it back."

Clay gives a gentle wheeze, placing George's hand on his cheek. "Just don't feel like there's a need to say what's already so obvious," he replies, pressing another kiss to George's lips. God, George is just so *warm everywhere*. Like he just can't get enough of Clay, just wants to have *more* even when he knows it's only temporary, even when he knows he'll have to say goodbye.

"George?" A concerned look falls over Clay's face. "Why are you..."

George giggles, wiping away the tears that had started to form at the edge of his eyes. "Clay, I'm... when I'm gone, I'm going to miss you. So fucking much."

"...*George!*" Clay's eyes grow shiny. "Stop it, you're... going to make me cry too."

George rolls his eyes, a bittersweet smile on his face. "Then cry with me, you idiot."

Clay laughs, rolling off of George so that they're lying side by side, staring at each other's tousled hair and flushed cheeks. Sure enough, wet streaks are appearing over Clay's freckles.

"I'm going to miss you too."

Chapter End Notes

Lovely fanart for this chapter!

♥ justvibingwhilecrying: [You're You](#)

Chapter Summary

“...Dream?”

“What?”

Chapter Notes

30/30

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



Alter

George is woken by the pressure of soft kisses to the back of his neck. “G’morning, George~”

George had yawned, not really paying attention to anything but the feeling of Clay’s arms around his waist. Had they gone to sleep spooning? How weird. George didn’t really remember falling asleep, but he guesses the two of them must’ve been really tired. “Good morning—”

George stops, his eyes finally open enough to register his surroundings. His heart stops as he slowly sits up, mouth open wide as he looks around the room. This isn’t his hotel room. That’s *his* desk, *his* windows, and they’re on *his* bed—

They’re in *George’s room*.

“George?” A yawn. “What are you doing?”

George sees what Clay is wearing, realizes it’s a *hoodie* and not a jacket, and his brain goes haywire connecting the pieces. “OH. MY GOD—” George backs away so quickly, he doesn’t watch where he puts his arms. A misplaced limb later, and he lands on a heap on the floor. He winces as he hits the ground. “*Ow.*”

“Wha— *George!* ” The freckled face appears over the edge of the bed. “Are you okay?”

George can’t reply, he... he doesn’t understand what he’s seeing. Why are they in his room? Why is Clay wearing something different? Why was... *fuck*. Fuck, this... oh no. This wasn’t... was it?

“...Dream?” George prompts uncertainly.

“What?”

Oh. MY GOD. George's eyes grow impossibly wide. Holy shit. Fucking hell. What in the *world*?

George was back. He didn't know what the fuck he did, or why it happened, and he certainly hadn't thought that it would happen so *fast*, he thought he'd have more *time* and just— holy shit. He can't believe he's finally back. He can't believe *they swapped back*.

George suddenly realizes something else. Something that sends chills down his spine. He had woken to peppers of kisses from *Dream*. And, if both the Georges had swapped places, then didn't that mean...?

"Were you *kissing me?!* " are the first words George says to Dream, and he definitely didn't plan for that and he really only has his bamboozled brain to blame, but how can he NOT ASK. Because WHAT THE HELL. WAS HIS OTHER SELF DOING WITH DREAM.

It's Dream's turn to gasp. "What. GEORGE??!"

Before George could even shout back, he's immediately tackled by Dream. The air is crushed right out of his lungs. George's heart skips a beat at the surprise hug, brain still lagged behind from the crazy chain of events he was experiencing.

"George, it's *you*? Is it really you?"

Dream's expression looks so crazed, so hopeful, George's complaints fall quiet on his tongue. Looking at Dream, he's suddenly hit with such a strong feeling of nostalgia. He... he missed Dream. More than he thought he did.

"I— yeah. It's... it's me."

Dream is looking at him in such wonderment, George can barely control the flush growing on his cheeks. Fucking *Dream* was looking at him like... well, George isn't quite sure how to explain it, but only *Clay* ever looked at him like that. Or was George just mixing them up again? Fuck. Their similar looks were messing with his head.

"How are you *back*? What *happened*? "

"I don't *know*," George responds, suddenly aware of how close they were to each other. God, he so badly wants to reach out and cup Dream's cheeks in his hands but he *can't*, because he isn't *Clay*. "*Dream*, why are you *here*, in my apartment ? A-and... what were we *doing* in my bed?!"

Dream blinks, suddenly looking flustered. "U-um..."

"Were you with the other me?" George asks quietly. Dream appears surprised by George's guess, but he nods, and George's heart sinks.

The other George was so lucky. In his own world, Clay was waiting for him, already half in love with him. Yet even still, that George hadn't been satisfied. He had to come to George's dimension and take *his* Dream's heart too.

George is suddenly upset. God, he can't... he can't look at Dream, without imagining him making out with his other self. With the *better* George. "You..." his voice trembles, his lip wobbling. Fuck, why did he even come *back*, when he clearly wasn't even *wanted*? Why was the world so insistent on *fucking* with him every chance it got?

Not to mention, he left *so many things behind*. He left Clay all alone in his hotel room to deal with the online backlash, he left Bad and Sapnap before he could properly apologize, and there was just

so many things he hadn't done. *So many things.*

"George, I can explain."

"I... I don't *care* what you were doing with the other George," he lies, the words splitting a crack through his heart. Fuck, why does it *hurt* so much? What did he even expect?

He tries to move away, but Dream stops him, forcing him to sit. "George, *listen to me.*"

"*Dream*, let go."

"George, I—" Dream squeezes his hands around George's arms, pleading. "*Please*. Listen to what I have to say."

George really wants to say no. He can't be here, making a fool of himself in front of Dream, let him catch on that he's *jealous* of his other self, like only a fucking *idiot* would be. But something about Dream's expression makes him reconsider.

George takes a deep breath to hold back the tears. "F-fine," he replies, head still averted. "What do you want?"

"I'll try to get right to the point," Dream promises, "But I need you to look at me."

"Why?"

"*George.*"

George is scared that if he looks he won't be able to look away, or worse, that the tears might suddenly come back when he's reminded of Clay. But he summons his courage and looks. Dream's expression is... so fierce. His eyes look like they're smoldering.

"George, I'm in love with you."

George's heart drops to his gut. Then it rises back up, doing flip flops in his chest like a goddamn acrobat. "What?"

"I've liked you for a long time," Dream continues, showing no indication of joking around, "It took me all of last week to realize it, but George, I... I really do love you. And I get it if—"

"Wait wait *wait*," George puts a finger to Dream's lips to shush him, realizes a second too late that he's being weird, and quickly retracts his hand. "I'm... I'm *George*," he reminds Dream, honestly feeling confused. "The original one."

"I know."

"Not the other George."

"I know."

"What do you *mean* you know?! Weren't you..." George pauses uncertainly, thinking back to how affectionately Dream had kissed him awake. "Aren't you in love with the other me?"

Dream smiles sadly. "I... yes."

A strangled breath is clawing at George's throat. Is... is Dream *messing* with him, telling George he loves him and then saying he doesn't—? "I don't— *Dream*, what are you trying to say—"

“George, I love *both* of you.”

George’s breath catches in his throat. “Huh?”

The fondest expression George has ever seen falls over Dream’s face. “Is it that hard to believe, that I love all the versions of you? *Any* version of you?”

And George really considers it, thinks to himself: *no, that’s actually not too unbelievable*. After all, he fell in love with Dream’s other self too, didn’t he? What he did was no different from what Dream was claiming to have done. How could he put Dream’s actions against him, then?

“I kissed your other self,” George blurts, in a sudden spurt of honesty.

At first Dream looks surprised, but it quickly transforms into a smug grin. “You couldn’t keep your hands off of me, huh?”

“*Whu—*” George blushes bright red. “*God*, I forgot how much of a fucking *idiot* you are.”

“But you still love me—“

“Yeah,” George interrupts. “Yeah, I actually do.”

And he takes Dream’s face in his hands and crashes their lips together, and quickly erasing George’s greatest fears, Dream kisses him *back*. It’s the sweetest thing — everything tastes like honey. The insects inside of George have burst into fireflies, lighting up his heart with a warm glow. Holy hell, he’s kissing *Dream*, his *best friend*. Someone he’s been crushing on for *ages*, and finally by some stroke of a miracle, they were *here*.

They were finally reunited.

“I still can’t believe I’m back,” George breathes after they break apart. He’s just so *happy*. So *unbelievably* happy. His grin feels too wide on his face. “Everything that had happened since, it... it feels like it might’ve all been just a dream.”

“Then tell me everything that happened,” Dream laughs, offering George the prettiest freckled smile. Dream has even more freckles than Clay, George realizes. “Before it fades away like one.”

George’s smile suddenly falls. “But... *Dream*, the other you, I... I *left* him—”

“It’s okay,” Dream reassures him, his eyes going soft, “The other you will be there in your place. He’ll take good care of the other me, George. You don’t need to worry.”

“But, so many things *happened* Dream. I left a *huge* mess for him to clean up, a-and I’m not going to even be there to *fix* it—”

“George, slow *down*,” Dream blinks fondly, patiently, “Start from the beginning.”

“It’s... it’s going to be a *really* long story,” he confesses. So many things had happened since that day they swapped. He had a mental breakdown, travelled to a different country, found Clay, *kissed* Clay, not to mention that his plan *totally* worked (though he still doesn’t know *which* part of the plan worked exactly, but he figures he must’ve done *something* right), and now he was back home. And that was just *George’s* side of the story. He couldn’t even begin to *imagine* how much had happened on Dream’s side of things. “God, it’s... it’ll literally take *ages*.”

“Hmm,” Dream hums, reaching for his phone. “In that case, we can grab Sapnap and Bad too, so

you won't have to tell it twice."

George lights up at the idea, eager to see his friends again and reunite with them. "Yes, do that!" Heck, he can't *wait* to tell them about their alternate selves, to recount that first crazy day. It had felt like a nightmare then, but now with everything behind them, it only felt like a faraway dream.

"What kind of a story will it be?" Dream snickers, leaning against George. "A romance story? A mystery? Action?"

"All of the above," George huffs shyly, intertwining his hands with Dream. "I'll tell you guys the most epic story *ever*."

Chapter End Notes

And that's it! That's the end :)

No explanation for the switch, no last POV with imp, no sequel or anything! This is where everything comes to a close xD

Maybe it seems abrupt (or maybe you felt it in your bones - some of you have really good intuition lol), but either way, I know this ending is incredibly vague and doesn't explain much. WHICH IS WHY I wanna try doing a character QnA! A reader expressed interest in it before and I thought it was a pretty neat idea... so! Don't be shy, even if you've never commented before, just feel free to ask any question(s) you want to any of the characters (really it can be anything - even if you wanna ask imp about his first impression of Clay or something), and I'll compile them all into a tumblr post and link it here ~2 days from now ^^

EDIT: [QnA's out!](#) If you missed the deadline and still have a question of your own, you can still feel free to send me an [ask here](#).

Anyways, thank you guys SO MUCH for reading. I had a blast reading everyone's speculations, angsty feelings, screams of surprise, just all the best stuff :D It was just such a huge morale boost for me and it really helped me to write this as well as I did, so a huge thank you to you wonderful readers for sticking with me to the end <3 You're all amazing!!

Final note to subscribe to me if you haven't already - I have way more Dream Team fic ideas in store for the future~

I hope you enjoyed this journey while it lasted! May destiny forge a path for us so that we may meet again :)

End Notes

Come follow me at [my tumblr!](#) peppdream.tumblr.com
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